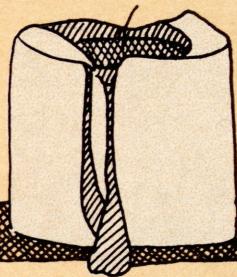


C the Circle

Outlaw

Wind drifting snow
Plundering the plains
Keeping all silent

Mark Beffart



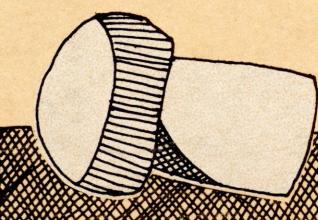
Hailen

Autumn must be caused
By the gloom
Of those returning to school.

Jim Elms

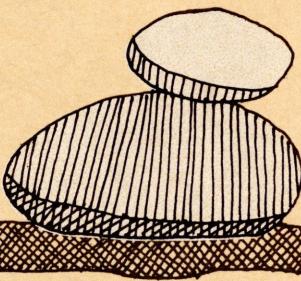
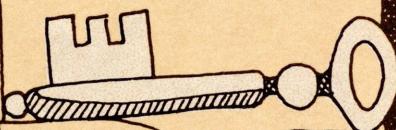
interpretations of my madness
would lead you to think I am same
like a brand new shirt
with but a tiny bit of stain

robby bellah



unknown delusions
these mental illusions
poems to a lady
malady

robby bellah



Ship of dreams
Cast away
Following
my paddle
breaks

Mark Beffart

C the Circle

Volume 4, Number 2
Winter 1977

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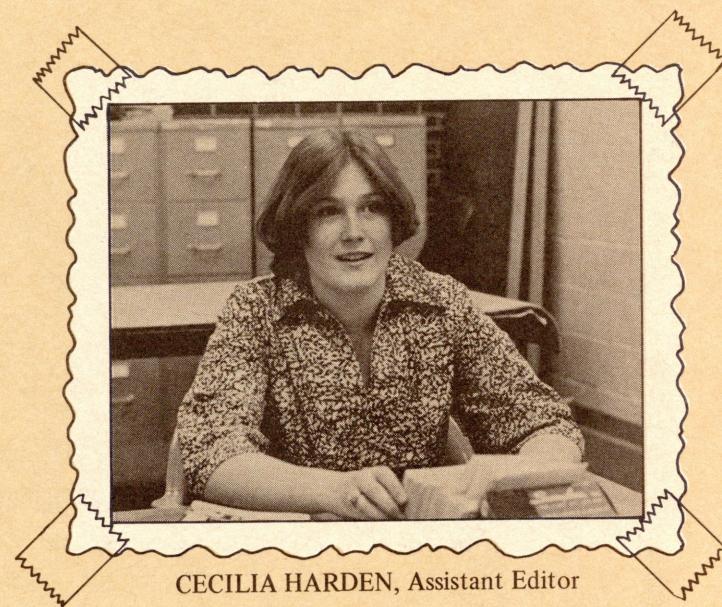
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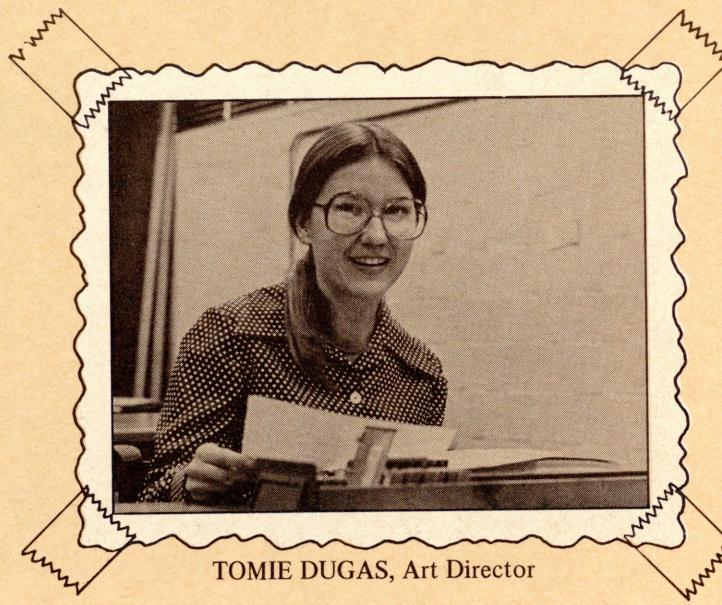
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A Note On Style

The variety of approaches to writing and design in this issue reflects the *Circle's* function as a laboratory publication. Although each piece was reviewed by staff members and representatives of the Editorial Board, the appearance of any article, story, poem, drawing, or photograph does not necessarily indicate unanimous critical approval. All letters to the editor are welcomed.

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Cover Illustration: Tomie Dugas

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CLIMBING

FICTION By B. D. Cole

Brunson died at 1006. He had taken off from Whiting Field at 0930. He was practicing acrobatics and put his T-28 aircraft into a right-hand spin at 7800 feet. A good student, Brunson probably had counted the airplane's turns as it rotated nose down towards the earth.

After two and a half complete revolutions he must have moved the rudder and aerleron controls to stop the spin at 6000 feet. But Brunson blew it. The T-28's spinning increased; the sound of the engine changed from a roar to a high-pitched whine. The plane flipped over on its back, still spinning. Brunson must have realized that he was in a "flat spin," an uncontrollable position, and he bailed out. His parachute shroud became tangled in the aircraft's empennage. Brunson had left the T-28 but still it dragged him down.

I had taken off at 1004 and saw the attempted bail-out. Other student pilots saw the crash. Brunson was a good pilot. Back at Whiting my landing was rough. The right landing gear touched the runway before the left; the plane bounced. I thought I had lost control. Then the plane settled and I taxied to the apron. The aircraft received a uselessly brief post-flight inspection. After signing the "yellow sheet" in the aircraft maintenance log to show that pilot and airplane had reached the ground safely, I went to the ready room—really just a section of an old hangar divided up by wooden partitions.

Inside were three dozen old wooden school chairs, the kind with writing boards on their arms. There also were three small tables, covered with stains and cigarette burns, where instructors could brief and debrief their students. Against a wall was a counter where coffee and doughnuts were sold by a sailor unsuitable for any more important job.

Everything was old and overused. The floor was concrete, the heat sporadic, and

the dozen or so students assembled were silent.

They watched a chaplain come out of the squadron commander's office and walk briskly out of the ready room. He was going to tell Brunson's wife. Two of the students stood up and walked to the phone by the coffee counter. They called their wives and told them about the crash. The wives should immediately go to Brunson's house and initiate an informal wake. The house was near the field's landing pattern. His wife may have seen the plane go down and wondered who was in it.

The squadron commander walked from his office to the center of the ready room. He announced that all flights were cancelled for the rest of the day because of threatening weather. It was a fine, clear day outside.

The students began to move slowly from the ready room. Several bitched halfheartedly about missing their flights. I was relieved, as they were, at not having to fly again immediately. That business about climbing back into a plane as soon as possible after an accident was a bunch of crap. I knew I was a good pilot, the best.

It was only nine in the morning but the bar at the Officers' Club was open. I sat at a table with two friends, not talking. The officers standing at the bar joked and talked loudly. One gave the standard explanation for why we had to wear two dog tags at the same time: if there was a crash, the body-snatchers would take one tag with them and hammer the other one between the body's teeth for identification.

The next morning I woke up at 0430 for a six o'clock flight. I thought of Brunson. It was cold and dark. The stars were beginning to fade in the lightening sky as I drove to the ready room. I had two soggy doughnuts and a cup of coffee for breakfast, picked up my flight helmet and knee board, and walked out to the flight line.

I checked the yellow sheet for the T-28 assigned to me and signed at the bottom. After drawing a parachute, and carefully checking that it was properly packed, I walked along the line of T-28's—big and faded-yellow in the dim light—until I came to number 147. I lowered the wing step and climbed up on the port wing. I dropped my helmet and other gear into the cockpit and began the preflight inspection. The first check was for fuel, done by unscrewing the cap on the port wing tank and sticking a finger in to see if the tank was full. It was. I jumped off the wing and moved to the aerlerons and then around the wing, performing the various checks and inspections.

After completely checking out the plane, I strapped on my parachute and climbed into the cockpit. Now it was time to race, to see who could be the first to start up and taxi out to the runway.

The ground crewman with the fire-extinguisher was called to the T-28 next to mine just before I was ready to start the engine. The other pilot, in his rush, forgot to prime his engine—when he punched the starter, the engine cranked over once, coughed, and then back-fired, with long tongues of flame shooting out of the exhausts on either side of the engine cowling. The ground crewman sprayed the engine with his extinguisher and the pilot shut down the aircraft. He was unhurt but minus his eyebrows.

I was next in line and started uneventfully. Fifteen minutes later I was sitting on the duty runway at the head of a line of fifteen T-28's. All were solo flights. The control tower would not let us take off until the actual moment of sunrise.

It was cold. The canopy had to be kept open and the plane's heater would not work on the ground. I had already completed the pre-takeoff check list. There was nothing to do but keep an eye on the instruments, try to stay warm by not thinking about the cold, and try not to think about Brunson.

Illustration by Rick Lovell

At exactly 0658 the tower called: "147 cleared for takeoff." I closed my canopy and took my feet off the brakes. As the aircraft began to move I pressed the "mike" button on the control stick and replied: "147, Roger, out." I moved the propeller pitch control forward until the engine gauge registered 2700 RPM and then moved the throttle up to thirty-two inches of manifold pressure. The plane began picking up speed. I had to apply more and more right rudder to prevent the torque of the engine from pulling the aircraft to the left.

As the airspeed indicator reached eighty knots I pulled back slowly and smoothly on the stick. The nose of the T-28 came up. I held the nose up and felt the plane leave the ground.

I was flying. I raised the wheels and flaps, adjusted the trim, and began a climbing turn to altitude. I rocked the wings back and forth slowly so I could see below me to make sure no one was coming up from directly below. The heater was on now but it was still cold. The sun was just over the horizon and climbing with me. I was at 1800 feet and rising with the sun, the earth far below. Yesterday was gone. I was flying.



REVERY ON A WINTER NIGHT

is silence taking form
sifting through the crisp darkness
and converting everything
that cannot
(or will not)

move
into new shapes,
vague suggestions of what had been
or what is yet to come.

silence is the fulcrum
of our conversation,
for the words we point like pistols
at the world and each other.
silence is the spring
bubbling into streams
that we try to navigate.

and the snow
covers anything
not on the run
even the human face
if it doesn't twitch or scream.

—A. J. Wright

NOBODY'S MOTHER

The sun will be sunning
the fall sky blue
with flame leaves
to burn in it like
hot stars.

The shoes will be new.
In back to school clothes, children
bundled in sturdy jackets, await a bus or walk
one set of bells is over, another day's not begun
but ready and good as done, done.

Child bodies hug the corner
they feel the wind's tug
their noses run, they lose their gloves.

One of each sex
a toy couple
one dozen years
split even between them
marched from school home
till I stopped them
with my giant
adult shadow.

Each toted a lunch box with
a TV star on it. "Hello."
"Are you Jason's mother?" the boy asked
"No," I smiling said
"Whose mother are you?" both asked
"I am nobody's mother," I laughed
for they looked and looked at me
hard looks for six and six
four lared eyes roam my property
pupils ebony
cold stethescopes check
breasts, belly.

Without a mother's fix
what woman can exist
in minds
closed at six?

The sun is sunning the
fall sky blue
flame leaves and I
burn in it like
hot stars.

The shoes are not new.
The shoes are not new.

—Nancy Greenberg

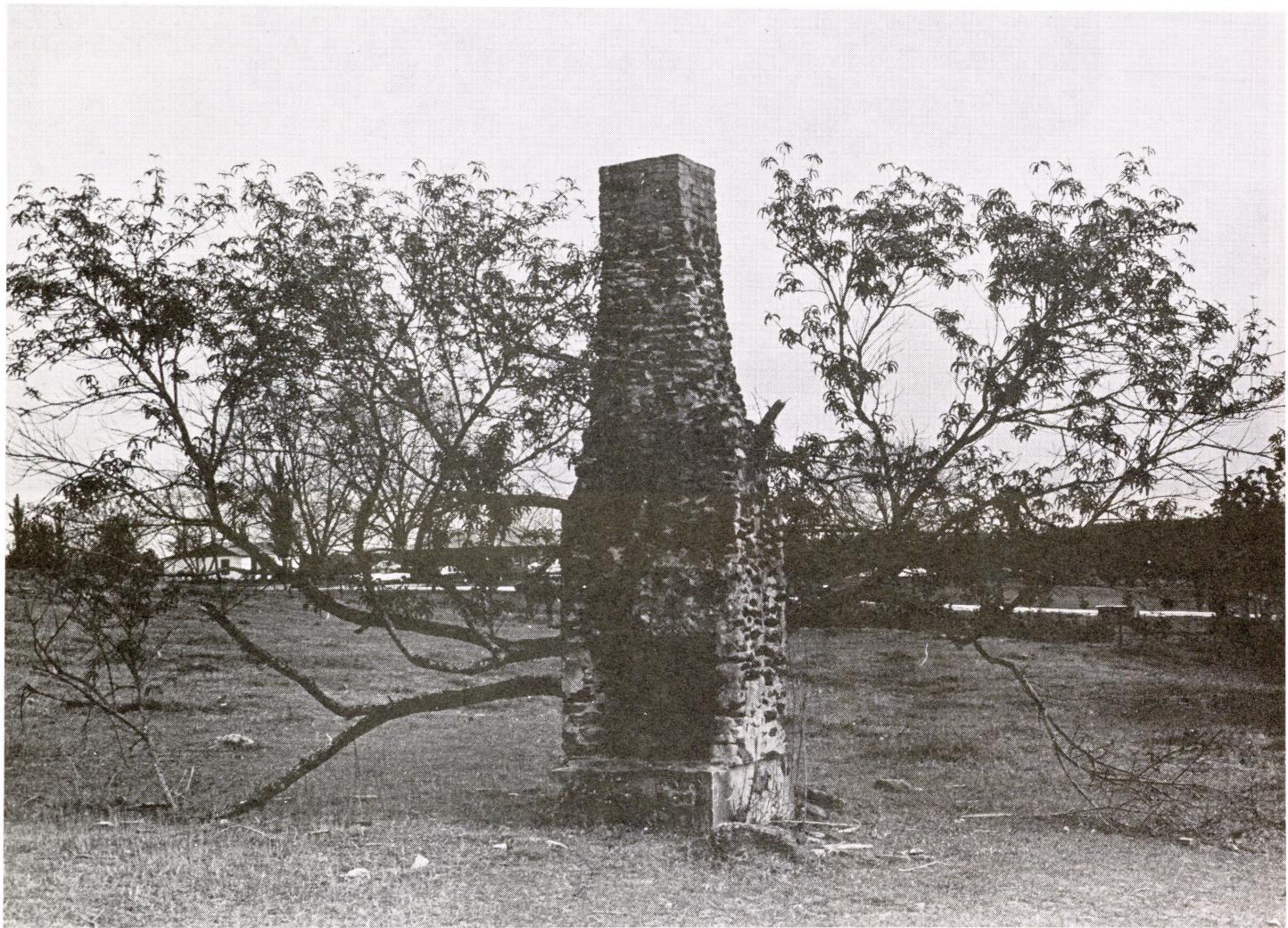
*2nd place poetry winner,
Sigma Tau Delta Creative Writing Contest*

In Search of Your Roots

In a changing economic and social climate we attempt to comprehend reality in human terms; we search for images and forms which give meaning and more fully develop the complexities of the individual situation.

Indigenous buildings are an outgrowth of an unconscious design process which incorporates traditional, meaningful images. It should not be surprising that the most human of architectural forms is often that non-formal expression of necessity and delight we know as vernacular or folk architecture.

Bill Gwin



Traversing the byways around Auburn, one comes in contact with a wealth of local folk architecture. Most of us do not take time to learn from these mute structures, though stories are nailed into each rotting plank. Recently, however, a group of architecture students under the guidance of Professor Bill Gwin, have sifted through the area, capturing with

pencil and camera the testimony of a culture fast fading. They found basic house forms constructed without the aid of an architect and transformed through additions and modifications as needed, to create the unique rambling shapes so familiar to us. In addition, the students scanned Southern literature, selecting quotes that reinforced their visual collec-

tion. A resulting deeper understanding of vernacular architecture was then incorporated in the solution of a problem in contemporary design.

Presented here is a small selection—a suggestion of what the students found. A reader inspired to delve into the subject further can look forward to a forthcoming book edited by Bill Gwin.

Photography by Forrest Lott



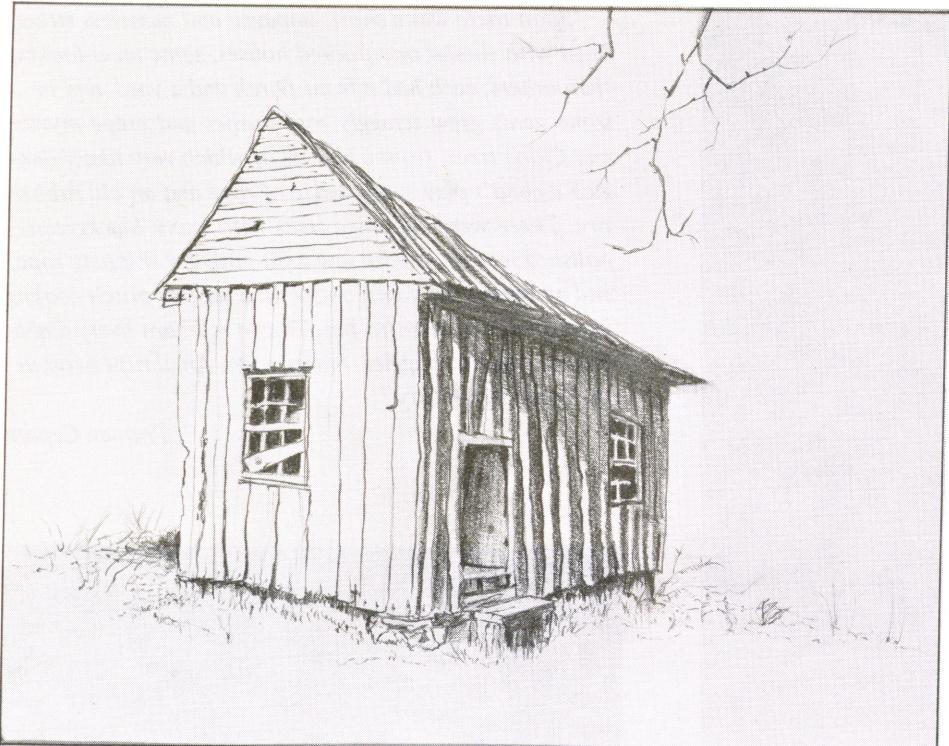
Photography by Joel Blackstock

'There is in mature, even below the level of life, something more than mere flux and change. Form is arrived at when even a stable, even though moving, equilibrium is reached. Changes interlock and sustain one another. Order is not imposed from without but is made out of the relations of harmonious interactions that energies bear to one another. Because it is active (not anything static because of foreign to what goes on) order itself develops. It comes to include within its balanced movement a greater variety of changes.'

John Dewey



Drawing by Hal Norris



Drawing by Hal Norris

'... the first Negro cabins weathered and paintless until you realised it was more than just that and that they were a little, just a little awry: not out of plumb so much as beyond plumb: as though created for, seen in or by a different perspective, by a different architect, for a different purpose or anyway with a different past: survived or even impervious to, unaware of, harder air or weather, whatever it was, each in its fierce yet orderly miniature jungle of vegetable patch, each with a shoat hog in a pen too small for any hog to thrive in yet this one did and would and usually a tethered cow and a few chickens, the whole thing—cabin outhouse washpot shed and well—having a quality flimsy and makeshift, alien yet inviolably durable like Crusoe's cave; then the houses of the white people, no larger than the Negro ones but never cabins, not to their faces anyway or you'd have a fight on your hands, painted or at least once-painted, the main difference being that they wouldn't be quite so clean inside.'

William Faulkner



Photography by Barbara Froula



Photography by Forrest Lott

'Soon there was a short, unpaved and nameless street, lined with similar one-floored houses, some nicer-looking than others; each had a front porch and a yard, and in some yards grew scraggly rose bushes and crepe myrtle and China trees, from a branch of which very likely dangled a child's play swing made of rope and an old rubber tire. There were Japonica trees with waxy blackgreen polished leaves. And he saw a fat pink girl skipping rope, and an elderly lady ensconced on a sagging porch cooling herself with a palmetto fan. Then a red-barn livery stable: horses, wagons, buggies, mules, men. An abrupt bend in the road: Noon City.'

Truman Capote



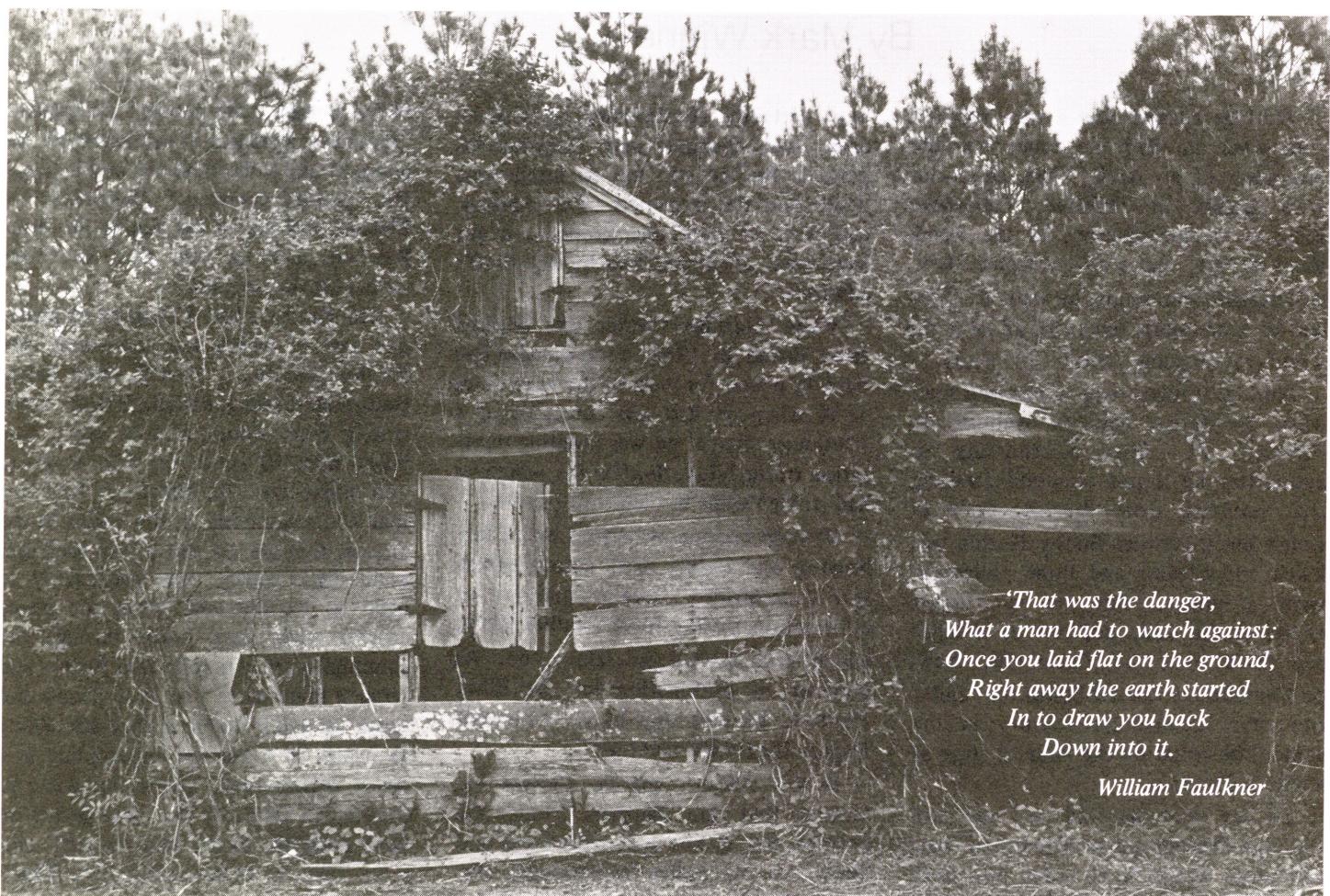
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Photography by Joel Blackstock

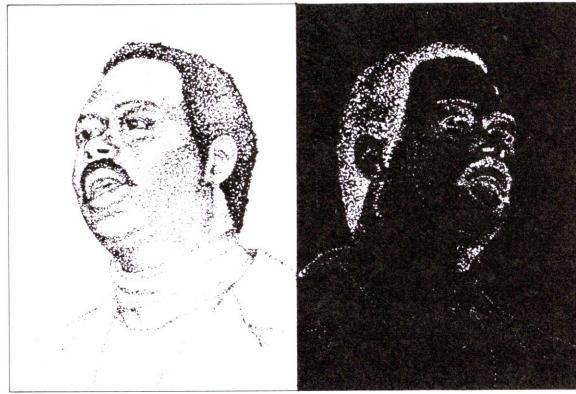


Photography by Fred Stevens



Photography by Kelly Wilson

LEAVE IT TO



CLEAVER

By Mark Winne

Eldridge Cleaver was a very militant man when he fled the country in the aftermath of an April, 1968, shoot-out with police in Oakland, California. Minister of information for the Black Panther Party and a self-professed Marxist-Leninist-Communist, he went to Cuba and to communist countries all over the world in ensuing years of exile.

Eldridge Cleaver was a changed man when he spoke here in Auburn on February 21. After surrendering to authorities he is out on bond awaiting trial resulting from the shoot-out in which Black Panther Bobby Hutton was killed and Cleaver and three policemen were wounded. But he no longer expresses the same doctrine of violence and hate that he once did. Now, proclaiming the United States the "freest and most democratic country in the world," he stood on the Auburn stage as a reborn Christian.

To say that the old and the new Eldridge Cleavers are as different as black and white would be an unfair pun, both tasteless and inaccurate. He is a changed

man, certainly. His morality, by what he says, has changed and likewise his politics. But he still has an intellectual depth and the dynamics of a crusader, and each of those characteristics might have been attributed him by his 1960's admirers.

When Eldridge Cleaver was released from prison in 1967, a rapist who had been in prison for most of the years since 1954 when he first was convicted on a marijuana charge, he was awaiting publication of his book, *Soul on Ice*, which he had written while in California prisons.

He soon became associated with Huey Newton and Bobby Seale among others and consequently became minister of information for the Black Panther Party, which had started in late 1966. As minister of information for the Black Panthers, he says that he is "somewhat responsible for the ideology."

In his Auburn speech, Cleaver explained that the Panthers "took the position that it was unconstitutional and illegal for the police departments, National Guard, etc., to use aggressive

violence against the people." He spoke of "mounting statistics of death and the real arrogant and indiscriminate way in which the police operated." According to Cleaver, this led to his joining the Black Panthers and he said that he "fully advocated its program."

The Panthers had a 10-point platform, one part of which was concerned with "police brutality." Though other points concerned housing, prisons, and the draft, among other things, Cleaver said, "You might have 10 points on your program; you might have 20, but if you have one that addresses itself to the police in the manner that we did and if you back that point by ... going out, particularly at night as we did and follow the police around when they cruise through the community, if you carry that further and observe them when they stop people and speak up and interfere if they are talking to people in a manner unbecoming to a peace officer—well, you're not going to have much time for the other points on your program. You'll find yourself with more than a 24-hour-a-day job. That's what happened to us."

Illustration by Lynndean Gorey

Cleaver became a publicized speaker and one of the key figures in the uprising of the '60's that was characterized by rioting, racial strife, and the "new morality."

He fled the United States rather than face trial for the Oakland shoot-out. He resided in or visited, he says, various African and Arab nations, the Soviet Union and several of its East European satellites, China, North Korea, and North Vietnam. He lived for eight months in Cuba and for four years in Algeria. He was staying in France when he decided to return to the United States. It was also there that he says he became a born-again Christian.

Once, Eldridge Cleaver crusaded for revolution against establishment powers in United States government. But now, in a television commercial filmed for a Texas audience, he says, "Then I met a different kind of revolutionary—Jesus Christ."

Once, Cleaver, as he lectured as the Panther's minister of information or as the 1968 presidential candidate for the Peace and Freedom Party, preached violence and hurled obscenities at governmental leaders. But the day before he spoke at Auburn, he appeared on Jerry Falwell's gospel TV show, telling of his religious awakening.

When Cleaver spoke here, he wore a suit and a turtleneck shirt, a noticeable contrast to the black leather and black berets of the late '60's. His face, minus the goatee it once wore, hardly looked like a former revolutionary.

The reaction that this former black militant received from the black members of his audience was mixed. He was applauded and lauded by some black students, as he was by the general audience. He was challenged by several black members of the audience who seemed to accuse him of betrayal and selling out. Ironically, much of the rhetoric used by his antagonists was not unlike that which he once propagated and helped to popularize.

Cleaver has changed a great deal, but he has not changed completely. He does not seem to regret his association with the Black Panthers. But he says that the situation that existed in the '60's no longer exists, and also that it is important to work within our democratic frame-

work. The election of blacks to government made him realize that things had changed. Even in his politics, his doctrine still focuses on the rights of the people. Now though, he agrees more with Andrei Sakharov than with Nikolai Lenin.

In his speech Cleaver spoke of the "struggle that's going on for human rights, for civil rights, and for democratic procedures" in the Soviet Union. "But this is something that's not just going on in the Soviet Union," he said. "It's going on in every country in the world—every country in the world that does not have democratic political institutions has a struggle by people who are trying to add to the apparatus of their government democratic institutions, human and civil rights."

The extent and nature of his transformation seems broad, as is his experience in life. But a comparison of Eldridge Cleaver as he was portrayed in the extensive print that he evoked in the late '60's and of Eldridge Cleaver as he appeared in Auburn, Alabama on February 21, 1977 perhaps can give a brief indication of the turnaround that he has experienced. Let us now look at a limited comparison of his present and former views and opinions.

Born Again

In Soul On Ice, Cleaver tells of the various religious or irreligious beliefs that he has professed, including atheism. Much of his philosophy, as explained therein and in subsequent writings and speeches, was obviously incongruous with Christian belief. When he did make reference to God, some might have called him blasphemous.

As a "born-again" Christian, Cleaver has credited his newly found Christianity with giving him the strength to return to the United States. In response to a question from the Auburn audience, Cleaver said, "After observing people who function on the basis of economics and politics, who espouse a materialistic philosophy and deny the existence of God, who have no ethical principles other than efficiency and expediency, then it is quite graphically evident to me, from what I've observed, that there's room for God in everything we do. I spent many, many years considering myself to be an atheist, denying the existence of God, and functioning completely on the basis

of expediency, on the basis of politics and economics without any of the moral dimensions involved. I've had a confrontation with myself, with Jesus Christ, and I've accepted Jesus Christ as my personal Savior, and I'm proud to count myself among those, as they say in the vernacular, who are 'born again'."

Marked Man

About the shoot-out in Oakland, Cleaver has been quoted as writing on April of 1968, "I am convinced that I was marked for death that night, and the only reason I was not killed was that there were too many beautiful black people crowded around demanding that the cops not shoot me, too many witnesses for even the brazen, contemptuous and contemptible Oakland pigs."

From what he said at an Auburn press conference, Cleaver continues to think he was a target that night, although he doesn't so harshly brand all of the Oakland Police Department. He indicated that he's been helped by information coming out of the Church Committee's work, and information volunteered by members of the Oakland Police Department. "There are a few of them who have become born again Christians, too," he said, "and there are a couple of them who are willing to testify in my behalf." Cleaver claims that the Oakland and Berkeley(Calif.) police departments had a "death squad" which was inspired by similar Latin American organizations. "There were certain people that were marked for elimination and there were certain organizations designated as threats to national security.... There was a list and my name was on the list. I got shot but not killed."

Cleaver and Nixon

In days of old, Cleaver reportedly challenged Richard Nixon to a duel. He repeatedly criticized him to the point of obscenity. "You may think you're riding in luxury liners, that you can put a fool like Richard Nixon or an unconscionable man like George Wallace in the White House, but none of those pigs can solve the problems," he's quoted by Newsweek as saying while he ran for President in 1968. When Nixon fell prey to a bandwagon of public scorn in the wake of the Watergate incident, Cleaver didn't get on the bandwagon—he was way ahead of it. Did Watergate encourage his return?

Apparently, it contributed to his decision. At the press conference, he said that he doubts that, had Watergate not taken place, an atmosphere in which he could come back would've existed. "I was very happy when that started unfolding, because what it meant," he said, "was the American people through that process (Watergate) have become aware that... the police, the FBI, various political leaders aren't just little Boy Scouts who can always be believed no matter what they say..."

Black American

Cleaver is a black American. Obviously, he was and is proud to be black. What about being an American? Author Lee Lockwood notes that Cleaver said in Soul On Ice that in America "there is soul in the air and everywhere I see beauty." Lockwood, in an interview with the exiled Cleaver, asked Cleaver if he still felt that he was an American. Cleaver said that it wasn't his definitive statement on the subject, but he replied in part, "...yes, I would like to say that I am an American. I'm an Afro-American, but I know that I share the experiences and history of the American people... I feel that I am a super-patriot, but not to the America I left."

Cleaver came home, perhaps not to "the America I left." Here he commented on American citizenship, and also indicated a strong and continuing desire to work for black civil rights—a desire he displayed repeatedly during the speech and question and answer session, and also when he spoke to a mostly black gathering of students afterwards. When answering a question from a black member of the audience, he said, "I am still and I hope I always will be interested in doing everything that I can to advance the struggle of black people in this country. But beyond that, I am an American. Black people in the United States are Americans and I think their American citizenship is the most precious possession that we have. Now you might think you—" suddenly he was interrupted by applause. "I don't want no white people applauding me when I'm arguing with some black people," he interjected. That received laughter and applause.

Right and Left

In Soul On Ice, Cleaver wrote, "Whether America decisively moves to

the right or to the left is the fundamental political problem in the world today," and he went on to say that "a broad national consensus was developed over the civil rights struggle and it had the sophistication and morality to repudiate the right wing." He also wrote, "The task which the new right has feverishly undertaken is to erode and break up this consensus..."

In Auburn, he spoke of the right wing in a somewhat different light. "I am in agreement on some points with people who have been looked upon as right wing or conservatives," he said during the question and answer session subsequent to his speech. "Why is it that there is a large number of people in this country who have conservative politics? It is because some of the values espoused by the conservatives and rejected by those on the left... are values that are in the interest of the country on the whole."

Propped-up Dictators

In Soul On Ice, Cleaver stated, "There is not a colonial regime on the face of the earth today that could survive six months if the U.S. opposed it; and in many cases, without the active military and economic support of the U.S., the exploiting murderous regimes would be dashed to bits by the exploited people themselves."

In Auburn his comments in this area for the most part stuck with the above declaration, but he also had some comments on national defense that would have been surprising indeed to hear from Eldridge Cleaver a few years ago. "Would you like to see the United States just withdraw all of its military involvement with the countries around the world and to stop giving military aid to various countries and to just use all of the military power that we have to deal with our own national defense?" he asked in the question and answer session. "I think that you would have to be out of your mind to say that you would, because this would mean that all those countries would fall under the control of the Soviet Union or China...."

Someone in the audience apparently said, "So what?" "You say 'So what'?! You say 'So what'?! You say 'So what'?! Just check out what Sakharov is saying; what Solzhenitsyn is saying; what the people in those countries are saying about the kinds of governments that are

strapped on their backs. And go and ask the Africans about how they feel about the governments that are propped up by the Chinese, by the Soviet Union, and also by the United States." Now he had begun to sound like he did in *Soul On Ice*, only he seemed to have a broader perspective. "They want democratic governments that they control, they want leaders that they elect and they want people over here to stop doing things that support their dictators and make life miserable for them...."

Cuba and China

"In the world revolution now under way, the initiative rests with people of color," Cleaver wrote in Soul On Ice. Among the "heroes of the initiative" he listed were Fidel Castro of Cuba and Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai of China.

In Auburn, he spoke of his stay in Cuba: "The Cubans rolled out the red carpet and made me welcome. They took me on a tour of the island and showed me the very impressive results of the construction that had taken place since Fidel Castro had come to power, and there was no way to avoid being impressed by that...." But Cleaver saw more of the island after the "official tour" and became disenchanted.

Cleaver said that once he had the idea that socialism and communism made a sincere effort to root out racism, but he felt like he'd jumped from "the frying pan directly to the fire."

Of Cubans he said, "Fundamentally, they're uptight because there is no machinery through which they could bring their will to bear in the decision-making process."

In his exile, Cleaver came to see China as a last bastion of adherence to the Marxist-Leninist philosophy, but this too ended. "The Chinese were the ones who were holding high the banner," he said, "and then we found out that they were holding high the banner with one hand and playing tiddlywinks with Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger with the other hand." To Cleaver, this meant that those who were using the Marxist-Leninist ideology were using it "cynically" and for "nationalistic ends."

Former Associates

Cleaver was once, of course, one of the most prestigious and famous members of the Black Panthers. He was also one of

the most noted figures of the civic tumult of the 1960's. Among his comrades were such young blacks as Huey Newton and Stokely Carmichael. Newton, generally seen as the founder of the Black Panthers, is widely reported to have been called by Cleaver "the baddest mother f---er ever to set foot in history," a compliment indeed. In an interview with Henry Weinstein in the magazine Nation in 1969, Cleaver is quoted as saying that the phrase, "Free Huey or the Sky's the Limit" means that "Huey must be set free or the country will be destroyed."

Of Carmichael, Cleaver has been said to have written, "There has always been the drama in the black psyche in America that a generation of men would arise and go back to the South... Stokely Carmichael belongs to the first generation of Negroes who had the courage to return." Carmichael was for a time the "prime minister" of the Black Panthers.

In the Auburn press conference, Cleaver said that when he returned to the U.S., the present leaders of the Panthers denounced him as an FBI agent and CIA agent, asked people not to help him, and warned the black community against him.

When Cleaver decided to return to America, he said he contacted some old friends for help. "First they told me," he said, maybe not entirely seriously, "We don't want to get into a shooting incident between you and Huey Newton." He continued, "Soon the news came through that Huey Newton had gotten arrested, gotten in trouble and had run away to Cuba—I felt sorry for him for doin' that." The audience, having heard Cleaver's convincing and critical views of Castro's Cuba, laughed at the irony.

The name of Stokely Carmichael was raised at the press conference. Cleaver said that Carmichael "talks about black people going back to Africa, he talks about pan-Africanism as an ideology for black people." Cleaver said that "even if we wanted to go back" the Africans wouldn't have it. Carmichael, he said, "supposedly lives in Guinea. He's not able to go to Guinea and talk like that but he comes over here and talks like that...." He said that it's possible though, that Carmichael might have some criticism of the economy with which he could agree. But he thought that the misleading nature

of pan-Africanism was a "disservice" to some people.

Forty-one

A Playboy interview with Cleaver in the late 60's is reprinted in the appendix of a book about Cleaver. In it, Cleaver tells interviewer Nat Hentoff, "I expect all of us will become somewhat less resilient as we get into our forties and fifties... and I'm sure that those who come after us will look back on us as being conservatives. Even us Panthers."

Cleaver was probably incorrect as far as most of the Panthers are concerned. Regarding the former part of that statement though, Cleaver is 41.

The U.S. Stacks Up

Cleaver told us in his speech that in his travels he was interested in observing "how the governments related to the people, how the people related to the governments." He said, "I was particularly interested everywhere I went to see how the police functioned, how dissent was treated, what opportunity people had to discuss political issues."

"Everywhere you looked," he declared, "you found conditions, procedures, governments that were just light years behind the worst that are found in the United States. Soon it became very clear to me that with all of its faults—I'm talking about with its racial problems, with its economic problems, all of its social problems, political problems—that the United States is the freest, most democratic country in the world."

Postscript

America and Eldridge Cleaver have both undergone pervasive change since they parted company in 1968. Cleaver now sees America as far from the perfect country, but apparently as a closer approximation than any other nation on earth.

I have written of the "new" Eldridge Cleaver as if what he has said is truly indicative of what he now believes. Yet, in light of his upcoming trial, there are bound to be skeptics who see Cleaver's new leaf as a courtroom ploy.

His transformation offers a strong argument for the power of Christianity. In a sudden awakening, a once immoral, possibly even amoral, human being apparently became endowed with a compassionate concern for his fellow man in general and with a logical set of values.

Eldridge Cleaver left Auburn University the same day he arrived. Undoubtedly, he left a deep, thought-provoking impression upon some Auburn students. His story is an amazing one and often inspiring. Eldridge Cleaver has evoked a lot of praise and a lot of criticism from a lot of people for a lot of reasons. How much of that he deserves remains to be seen.

Robert Scheer, (editor) *Eldridge Cleaver, Post Prison Writings and Speeches*, Random House, New York, 1969.

Reginald Major, *A Panther Is A Black Cat*, American Book-Stratford Press, New York, 1971.

Lee Lockwood, *Conversation with Eldridge Cleaver/Algiers*, McGraw-Hill, 1970.



LOST

Oh, she didn't have a worry
And she didn't have a care,
And she didn't have a ribbon
Dangling gayly from her hair;

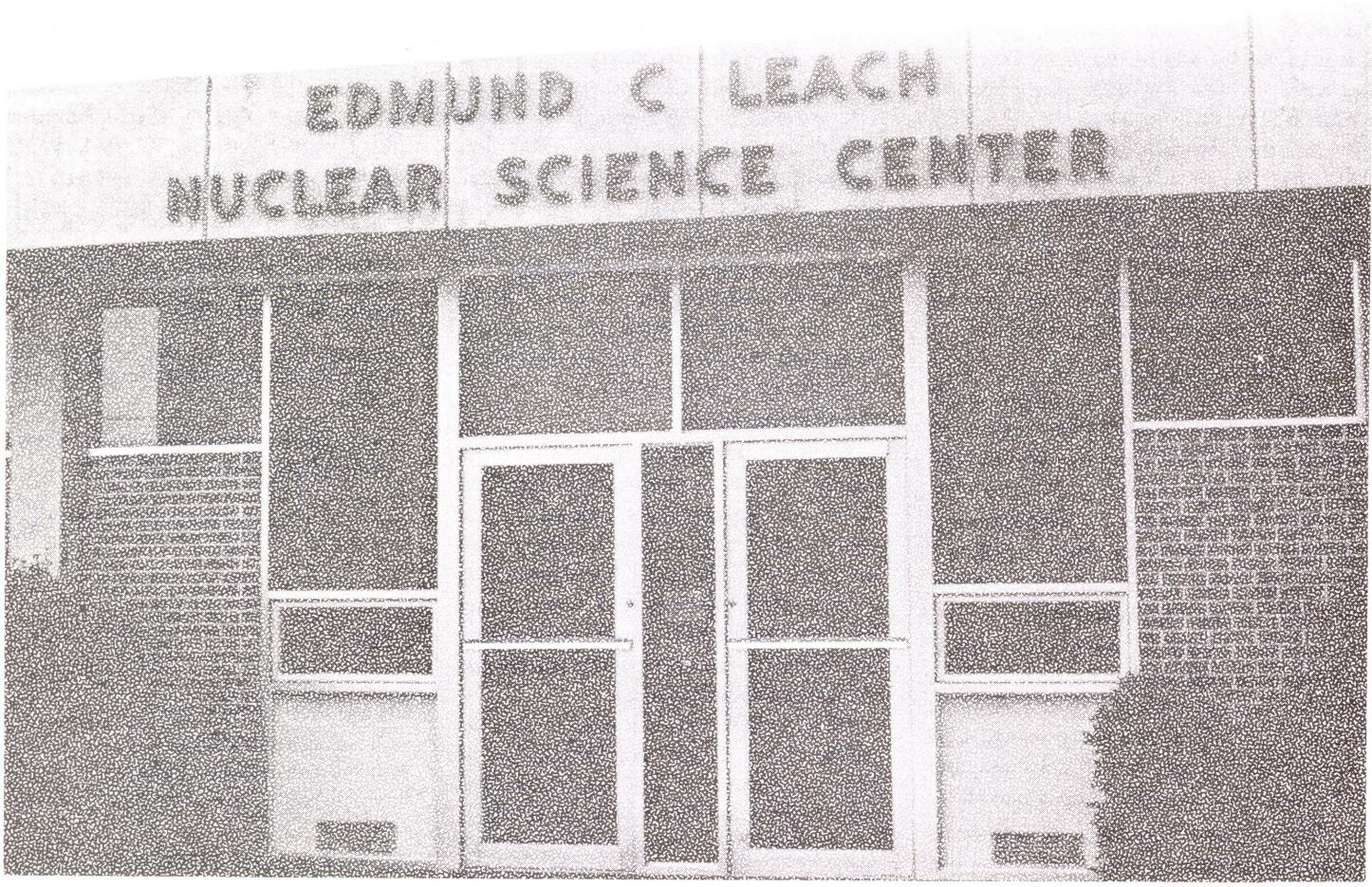
But she had a way of loving
And she had a gentle flow,
And it felt a lot like dying
When she said she had to go.

—Sam Morgan

POEM FOR MISS NORA

Bird flesh she was, all
downy skin and airy bones.
She fluttered when she spoke
and perched upon your arm
slightly cocking her precious head
feathered in brown and snowy furls.
Her eyes bright and round
were a child's, not those of
somebody's great-aunt, be she
ever so cherished. Miss Nora, where
did you go? Lost late midst
snowy plains of night, you
slipped into the wood
and froze.

—Jan Cooper



The "NUKE" on top of the hill

By Charlotte Ward

Photography by JoAnn Metcalf

The Circle introduces one of Auburn's little-known special facilities, where both theoretical and practical research in nuclear science is going on.

It has stood on its corner for ten years now, unnoticed and unknown by most habituees of the Auburn campus. For much of that time it was largely unseen, until the building of the Telfair Peet Theater and the Goodwin Music Building began drawing traffic up and down its hill. When a passer-by remarked on the big mound of earth paralleling Samford Avenue, some wit would explain that it was the Jolly Green Giant's grave.

Some people on the "outside" know it's there, of course, and ask, "What kind of reactor have they got up there?" (Answer: None.) or, "Is there any danger of it blowing up and irradiating everybody?" (No.) Or, "Isn't it dangerous to work there?" (Not as dangerous as, oh, say, crossing the street.)

This mysterious "it" is the Edmund C. Leach Nuclear Science Center, Auburn University's unique service installation

that provides research and teaching facilities for some twenty-two departments in seven of the University's nine schools, fulfilling the purpose stated as follows on the back of the program printed for its dedication on May 12, 1967:

The Edmund C. Leach Nuclear Science Center is a research and teaching facility for use by all departments of the University interested in the pure or

applied aspects of nuclear science.

The statement continues:

Construction of the Center was made possible by funds totaling over \$1,000,000 donated by alumni and friends of the University through the Auburn Development Program. A list of contributors has been placed in the cornerstone of the building. The generous contributions of alumni and friends permitted the University to obtain additional funds for construction and equipment through matching grants totaling \$389,000 from the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission and the Office of Education and National Institutes of Health of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare.

Edmund Clark Leach, '15, of Dadeville and Montgomery, was not a nuclear physicist. He was a partner in an investments firm. But it was in large measure due to his efforts as president of the Auburn Alumni Association and of the Auburn University Foundation, a non-profit corporation established in 1960 to marshal private support for the University, that the Auburn Development Fund reached its first goal of \$2.6 million. Mr. Leach died in 1963. The first major installation funded by the ADF serves as a fitting memorial to his devotion to his Alma Mater.

Nuclear Science Center! One wonders what alumni response would be today to an appeal for funds to build such a facility. In fifteen years the connotations of the word "nuclear" have gone from the promise of unlimited energy for a prosperous future to the threat of a planet under a mushroom cloud, its population dying of irradiated food, water, and air. The truth, as always, lies somewhere in between the extremes. Auburn's Nuclear Science Center (NSC) houses neither doomsday machines nor an instantaneous, problem-free answer to the energy crisis. It does provide facilities for a variety of interesting and important lines of research not only in physics, chemistry, and engineering, but in a wide range of biological, agricultural, and health sciences as well.

There is only one public entrance to the NSC, located on the side facing the theater, just to the right of the "grave." The visitor does not get beyond the lobby at once, except to go to a classroom on

the ground floor or to the office of the director, Dr. Ray Cooper, or that of Mr. Robert Bell, radiological safety officer. The stairs leading to the rest of the building, which is largely underground, are posted with a sign proclaiming that "Authorized Personnel Only" may proceed beyond that point.



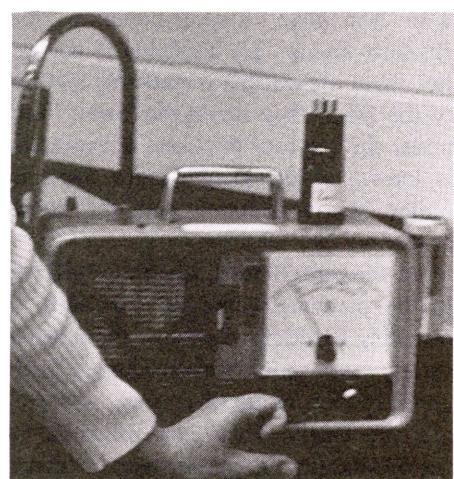
Visitors must register and carry dosimeters to monitor radiation exposure.

Authorization to descend the stairs and inspect the rest of the building is not difficult to obtain, but it must be done—as must all procedures involving nuclear science—in conformity with the regulations set up by the original Atomic Energy Commission and by the regulatory agencies that have superceded it. The first regulation confronting the visitor is that he must sign in, listing his name, his "business" (e.g., student in a physical science class, high school science teacher, etc.), and his time of arrival. (When he leaves he will fill in his departure time.) Then he is instructed to "pick up a couple of dosimeters." The receptionist indicates a wooden block with rows of holes containing cylindrical objects looking rather like fat black fountain pens, complete with pocket clip.

The visitor clips the dosimeters to pocket or belt, or, lacking these, clutches them in hand. He is now ready to descend the stairs to the area where there are radioactive materials. These materials are well shielded, and the danger of exposure to a damaging level of radiation is vanishingly small. Nevertheless, the dosimeters are there to guard against that remote possibility. Each one contains a "charged" wire, and would indicate a certain electrical potential difference or

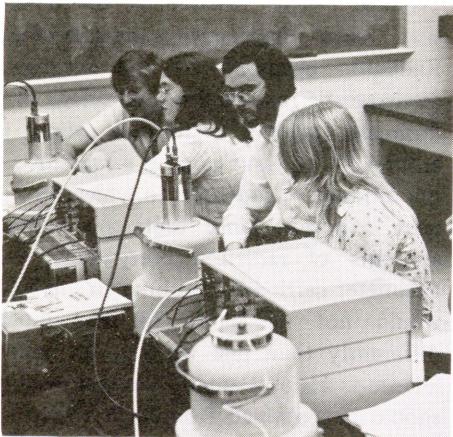
"voltage" when inserted in the device that "reads" the charge on the dosimeter. Radiation absorbed by the dosimeter discharges it, so the drop in voltage of a dosimeter after a visitor has carried it around for an hour or so is a measure of the amount of radiation to which he has been exposed. Since there are minute amounts of radiation everywhere, the dosimeter carried for an hour in the NSC would not be likely to read much differently than one worn to an hour's lecture in Haley Center. If a high reading should be obtained from both a visitor's dosimeters, he would be informed and NSC staff would try to trace the unexpected source of radiation. The dosimeters are so sensitive that, unless the reading was all the way "off-scale" there would be no need for a medical consultation.

It has never happened that visitors have been exposed to unexpectedly high radiation levels. Upon entering the first teaching lab, one understands why. Geiger counters, the nuclear physicist's (and uranium prospector's) most familiar tools, are standing here and there, intermittently clicking out their tally of background radiation at about the same level they would be doing if they were sitting on your kitchen table. Any noticeable rise in counting rate would signal immediate evacuation of the facility.



Every laboratory in which radioactive materials are used or stored is monitored by a Geiger-Muller counter such as this one.

The first laboratory visited is likely to be the "counting lab," where students are



A class in modern physics learns to use counting equipment of various types.

taught to use not only Geiger counters but other even more sensitive devices called scintillators, in which entering radiation triggers a tiny pulse of light instead of a pulse of electric current. Counters, themselves, are relatively simple devices; the accompanying circuitry can become complex. This, however, is mainly tucked away in neat "black boxes," complete with digital read-out.

Aside from these boxes, the counting lab and neighboring spaces for "hot" chemistry do not look much different from their counterparts in other science buildings. The hoods and ventilation systems are superefficient, waste disposal procedures are clearly posted, the walls of cubicles for handling radioactive ("hot") materials are extra-thick and shielded with lead glass. Remote-handling "mechanical hands" are available if needed. But these are not the remarkable features of the NSC. They are on the lowest floor, under the ten-foot thickness of earth that is known as the giant's grave. Here lie buried the accelerator and the cobalt source.

In the early Sixties, when the NSC was in the planning stage, the possibility of installing a nuclear reactor of the research variety was seriously considered. There are very few of these around, and they are very costly. They exist primarily for the production of radioisotopes, artificially made radioactive forms of various chemical elements that are used not only in basic research but also in medicine and in industrial applications. The largest such reactor in the United States is at Oak Ridge, Tennessee. Auburn, a member of the scholarly conglomerate known as Oak

Ridge Associated Universities (ORAU), has convenient access to a far broader selection of radioisotopes from the Oak Ridge reactor than a single university could ever afford to produce. Perhaps just a little wistfully, Auburn's nuclear planners turned away from the pointless prestige of having "our very own reactor" and decided to build an accelerator of modest proportions instead. (Some schools do have research reactors, primarily for use in the training of nuclear engineers and developing new reactor concepts.)

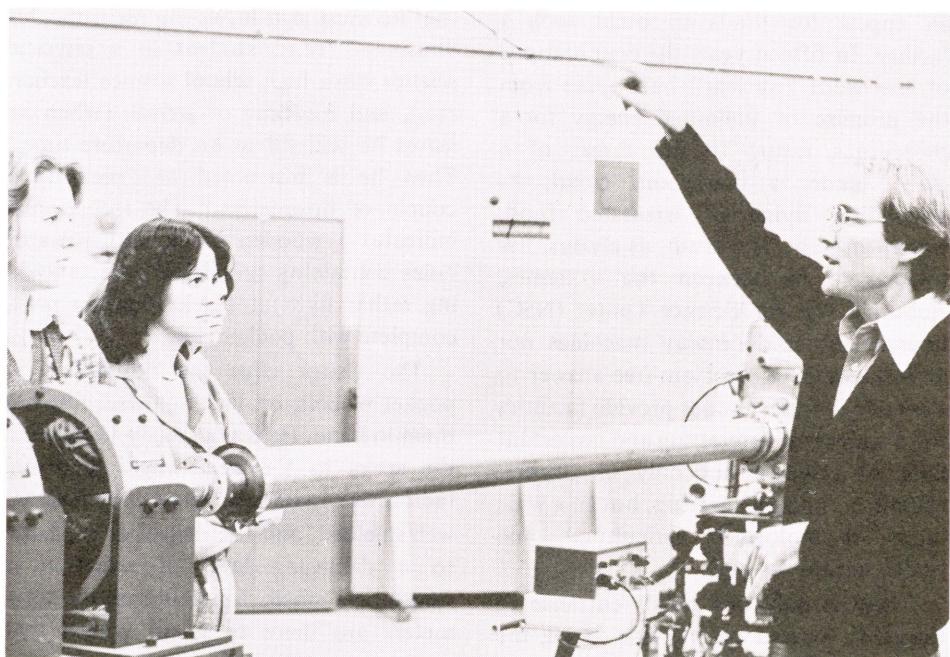
The linear accelerator at first glance might conjure up visions of Captain Nemo, since it looks somewhat like a small submarine beached in its cave. However, the control panels, complete with flashing lights, are not in the machine but fill an anteroom adjacent to the accelerator room. The silvery cylinder itself is about seven feet in diameter and twenty feet long. A peek into one of its tiny portholes gives an impressive but not very informative view of glass and metal spirals and tubes that are part of the works for creating very intense electric fields. What the accelerator does is, by means of a pulsed electric field, give charged subatomic particles (protons, deuterons, or alpha particles, in this case) a series of kicks until they possess an energy of three million electron volts (3



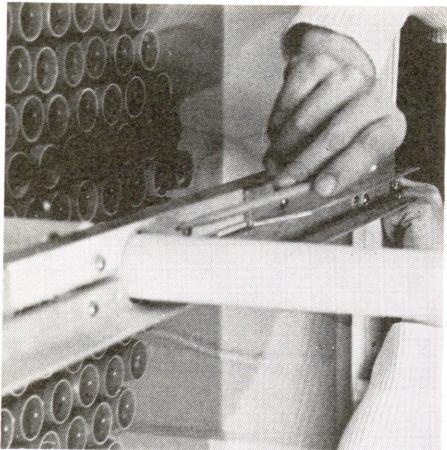
Dr. John Williams of the Physics Department describes the accelerator control panel.

MeV)—or about the energy an electron would acquire after traveling through half a million flashlight batteries. Clearly, the accelerator is a better way to do it!

A particle with that much energy would be a pretty formidable missile to fire at any target, and when it does hit the nucleus, or core, of a target atom it produces changes much more profound than any other kind of process, chemical or physical, can do. It literally transmutes one element into another. But the accelerator is not the transmutation



Dr. Williams shows how particle beams from the accelerator are guided to targets for nuclear reaction cross section studies.



While Auburn does not have a nuclear reactor it does have this "subcritical assembly," a small scale collection of reactor-type fuel elements that can be used to simulate certain reactor processes when an outside source of neutrons (at bottom of center rod) is introduced. The assembly is too small to maintain a chain reaction on its own, as a reactor does.

machine so long sought by the alchemists. Accelerator-produced gold would hardly bring the price down! Why do Dr. Bill Alford and Dr. John Williams and their graduate students from the physics department so eagerly bang away at assorted targets with their magnetically focused proton beams? They are determining "cross sections."

The early practitioners of nuclear physics in the 1930's had a sense of humor. They thought of their ability to make their subatomic missiles hit their

targets and produce the changes in terms of target "cross sections," in that a target of large area (cross section) is easier to hit than a small one. One scientist, on a certain occasion, disparaged his colleagues' ability by the traditional remark about being unable to hit the side of a barn, and nuclear cross sections have been measured in units of barns of their metric fractions (i.e. 0.001 barn — 1 millibarn) ever since.

What is the use of measuring cross sections? For those for whom scientific curiosity—finding out how nuclei behave and what transmutations are produced—is not an adequate reason, some practical uses can be mentioned. In order to make nuclear power technology as safe as

carbon and hydrogen atoms, is an excellent absorber for neutrons. So the wax sits there and soaks up stray neutrons that are scattered from the targets being irradiated (mainly to keep them from interfering with some other part of the experiment).

Of course, no one is ever in the accelerator room when those high energy beams are bouncing around. A fantastic fail-safe system of locks preventing anyone from straying in goes into operation before the triple key system can turn the accelerator power on. But even the accelerator safety system pales in comparison to that associated with the other principal research unit, the Cobalt-60 source.

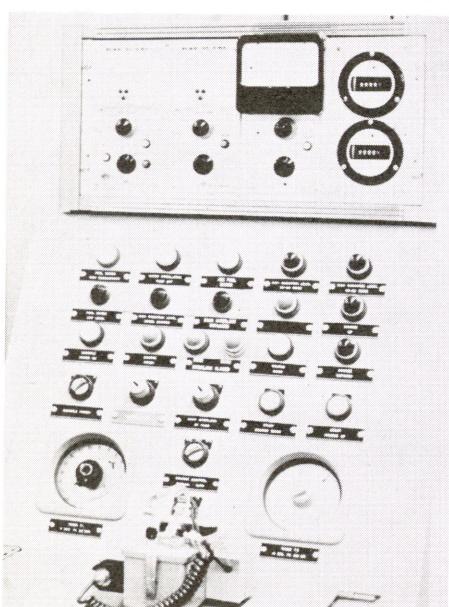


The Co-60 source is stored under 14 feet of water in this pool, and only brought up by the remotely-operated elevator when the room is sealed off by thick concrete walls and locked doors.

possible over the long range, it must be known how structural materials used in reactors behave under prolonged bombardment by high energy particles. To solve the most difficult of all the problems attendant upon nuclear power development, radioactive waste disposal, it may be necessary to irradiate wastes to change them into less dangerous materials. Cross section measurements provide data for the solutions of these problems.

The most incongruous note in the reactor room is struck by all the boxes of the jellymaker's old friend paraffin wax sitting around. Paraffin, being made of

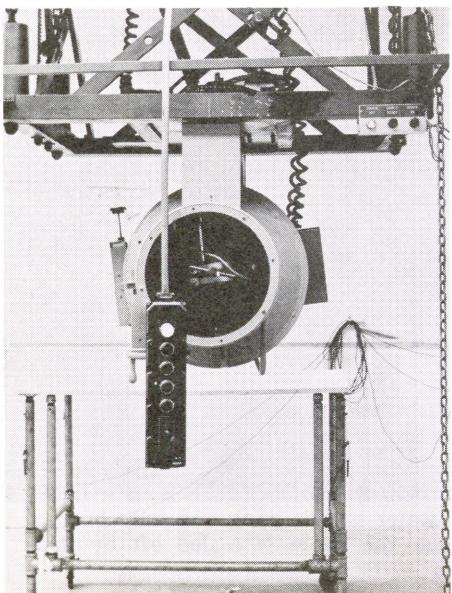
To enter the cobalt room, the visitor must pass through an opening behind a sliding door. What is unusual is that the door is three feet thick and weighs 30 tons. The walls of the room are of similar thickness and like the door are made of concrete reinforced with steel. A periscope-like mirror arrangement coupled with the type of large convex mirror used to enable shopkeepers to look out for shoplifters enables one to view the room before entering. It is a bare place—a few shelves for chemicals, glassware, and bits of apparatus, a pair of tongs with a fifteen-foot handle—that's about all except for what appears to be a small, deep



The remote control panel for the Co-60 source.

swimming pool in the middle, with an elevator sort of arrangement in it. The water in the pool is fourteen feet deep.

Visitors gather, perhaps hesitantly at first, around the guardrail that surrounds the pool. The guide points to a circular metal plate standing on the elevator platform at the bottom of the pool. Stuck in it in a circular pattern are a number of metal strips about 1 inch by 8 inches and less than a quarter-inch thick. That, the guide explains, is the Cobalt-60 source. Then he turns out the room lights. The pool is suffused with an eerie blue light. (It was there all along, but didn't show up in the lighted room.) It is called Cerenkov radiation, and is the energy emitted by electrons knocked out of the water molecules by the gamma rays from the cobalt and moving at speeds greater than the speed of light in water and being rapidly slowed down.



Animal Teletherapy unit with Co-60 source.

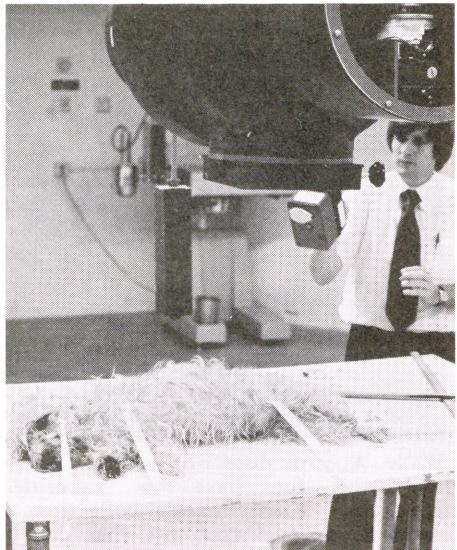
But the most important emissions of Cobalt-60 leave no visible trace themselves. These are the enormously energetic gamma rays that make Cobalt-60 one of medicine's chief weapons against cancer and one of science's best sources for irradiation studies. The NSC source has an "activity" of 12,000 curies when all 24 strips are in place. One curie of radiation represents 3.7×10^{10} nuclear disintegrations per second, each producing about two gammas. Thus a 12,000 curie source produces 888 trillion gamma rays per second. Such a radiation dose

from the source exposed in air would be lethal to a human adult in short order, yet the fourteen feet of water above the source renders it harmless. The guide's Geiger counter clicks no more frequently here than upstairs.

When irradiation experiments are in progress the materials to be irradiated—seeds, to study effects on germination, for example, or foods to be preserved—are placed at the appropriate position and once the automatic controls are assured that the 30-ton door is locked in place the elevator lifts the source out of the water for the appropriate exposure time. The source must be returned to its watery bed before the room can be opened.

Even Cobalt-60 gammas are not lethal to all forms of life. From time to time microorganisms grow on the pool walls to such an extent that the source must be stored in its cell in the ground below the pool while the water is drained out and the sides scrubbed down.

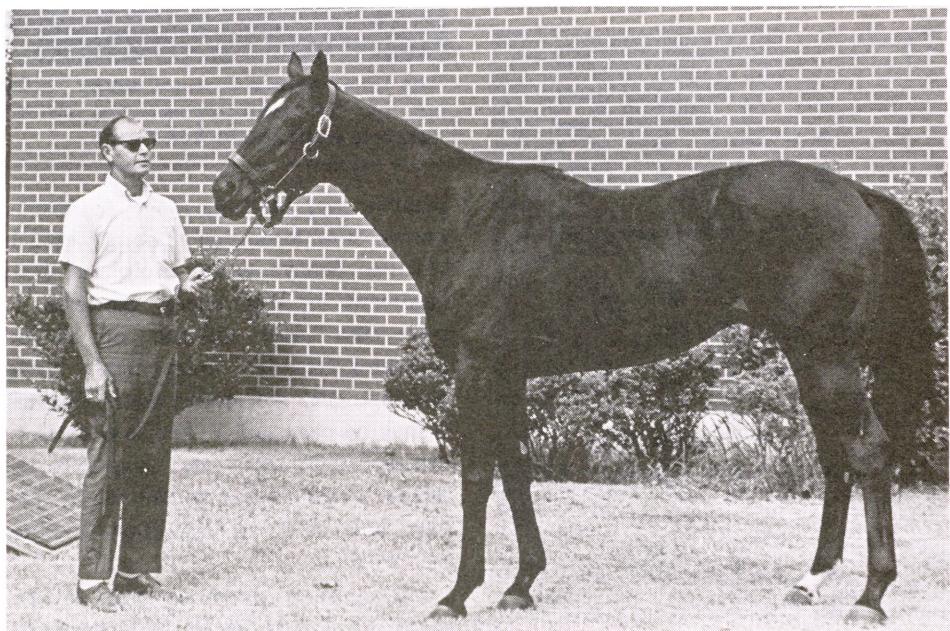
The third unit on the lowest floor of the NSC has its own entrance—big as a barn door, because that's where some of its visitors come from—a barn. The most famous visitor to cross that threshold called one of the world's most luxurious barns home: he was a racehorse from the Kentucky Bluegrass named Bold Ruler. Bold Ruler, Derby contender and Preakness winner in 1957, was commanding a



The School of Veterinary Medicine is a chief user of NSC facilities. Here a dog is being treated for cancer with the Co-60 animal teletherapy unit.

Leach Nuclear Science Center Photo

stud fee in the neighborhood of \$100,000 in 1970 when he developed an inoperable malignant tumor in his nose. He was brought to Auburn's School of Veterinary Medicine and given a series of radiation treatments with the Cobalt-60 teletherapy unit at the NSC. This specially designed 3000-curie source can be used on both small and large animals, and has prolonged the lives of several valuable breeding animals as well as being



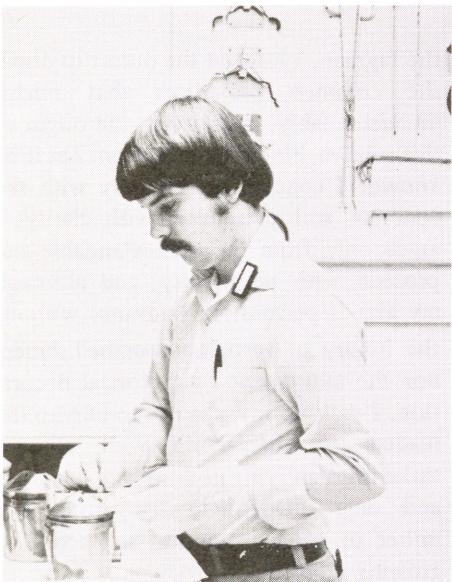
The NSC's most famous patient, Bold Ruler, with trainer.

Courtesy AU Photographic Service

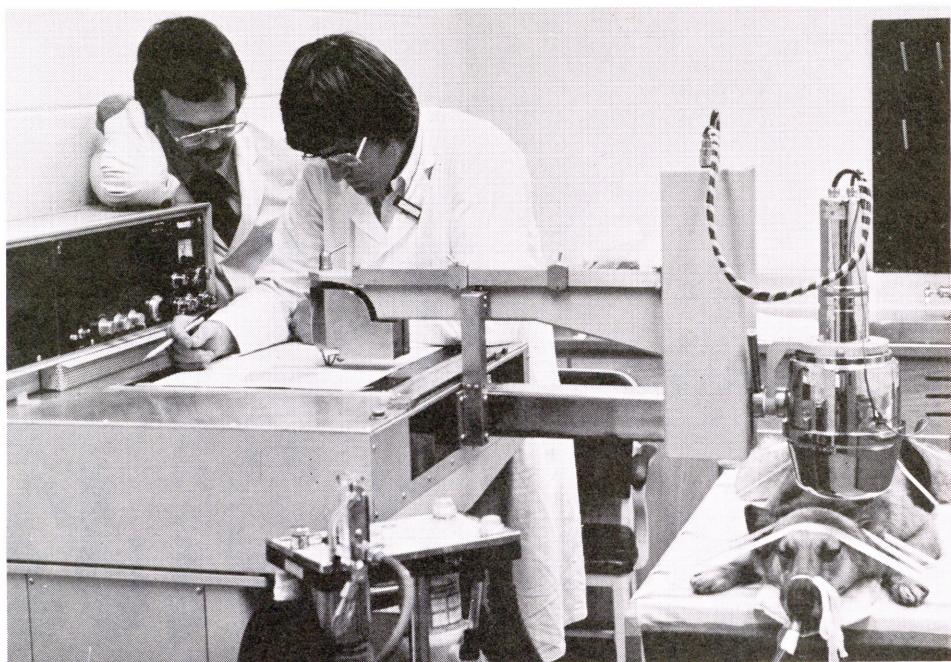
an important research tool for Vet School scientists. As for Bold Ruler, he lived long enough to sire about 30 more foals, some of which brought \$175,000 as yearlings. None, however, quite matched their big half-brother, Secretariat, winner of thoroughbred racing's Triple Crown in 1973.

Two other service units are housed in the NSC; one, the Environmental Study Service Center of NOAA (National Oceanographic and Atmospheric Administration) is only slightly connected with the NSC itself. The other is an integral part of every research project on campus that uses radioactive materials. It is the Office of Radiological Safety, whose head, Robert Bell, is responsible for the safe handling and use of radioactive materials throughout the University. The Radiological Safety Staff's duties include inspection of all laboratories where radioactive materials are used, monitoring radiation levels, and coping with emergencies such as leaks and spills. Usually only very small amounts of radioisotopes are allowed outside the special NSC facilities, but even those are closely accounted for and safe practices are enforced. The Radiological Safety Office also answers requests around the state for analyses of radioactive materials, advice on safety procedures, and the like.

The visitor, turning in his dosimeters and signing out, may pause for a closer



Tom Black, radiological safety technician, unpacks radioactive materials collected from Lee County Hospital for safe disposal.



Blood circulation in the brain of a dog is being studied by use of a radioactive tracer in the "brain scan" technique.

look at what seem to be rather fancy name tags, like the one his guide wore, pinned on a bulletin board at the head of the stairs leading to the restricted area. The brightly colored plastic rectangles do bear their owner's names, but they are more than mere labels. They are film badges, worn by the regular employees and users of the NSC whenever they are in the building to monitor continuously their exposure to radiation. Since radiation effects are cumulative, it is necessary to keep track of total exposure of persons who work regularly with radioactivity. The films are developed regularly (usually monthly), and if the minimum safe level were to be exceeded in a given month, that person would have to stay away from radiation for long enough time to "even out" the total exposure. Nuclear science is still a new enough science that effects of low radiation levels over a normal lifetime cannot yet be fully assessed. Most scientists in the field are confident that if estimates of effects are in error, they err on the safe side.

So get acquainted with your local Nuclear Science Center. Visitors are welcome, if they can work you in. Showing around regularly scheduled class tours, science classes from out of town, professional groups attending conventions on campus, and the like, Richard Knight

Leach Nuclear Science Center Photo

sometimes feels more like a PR man than a Radioactive Source Technician. But



Jerry Mattson's film badge keeps a continuous record of his exposure to radiation.

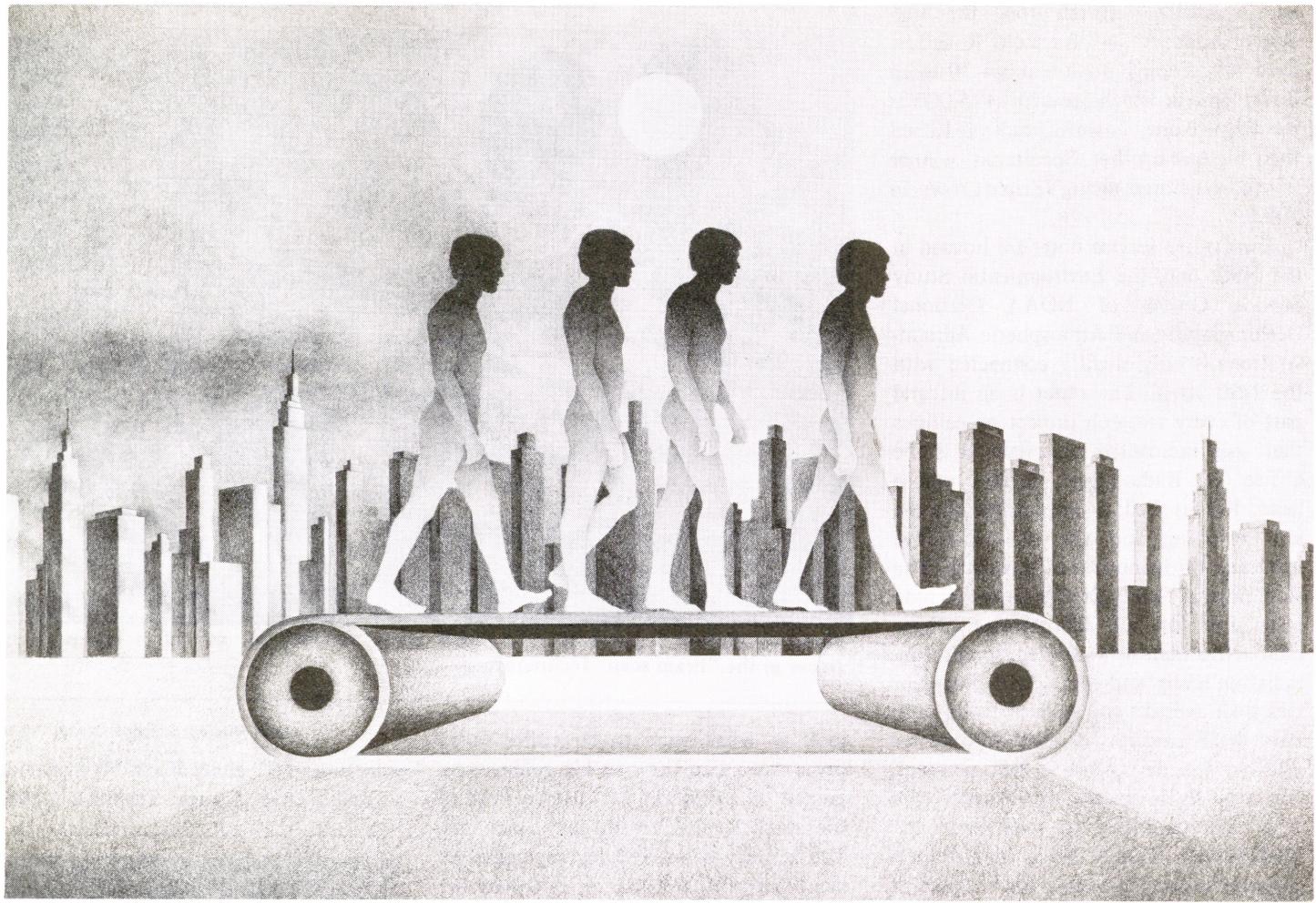
when you take the tour, you get the idea he likes his job, either way.



FRONT MAN

I touched the moment
as lightly
as a pickpocket
and came away
with all the facts.

—S. Harrison



MESSAGE FROM THE TOWER

SATIRE By
Johnny Williams

A Note to the editor—

Dear Madam:

After many long hours of careful screening, I have selected your publication as the vehicle for the following document. I am aware of its probable impact, and trust that no irrevocable disruption to the stability of your enterprise will ensue. Please direct all responses to my home, and until I hear from you, I am

Your obedient servant,
Fuller Ignatius Lalane, Ph.D.

preoccupation with trifles and abstractions. Therefore, by way of invitation to

the layman, I hope at the outset to dispel the common prejudices that might, understandably, considering the origin of this missive, hinder its reception. Let it be known: I concern myself only with the concrete and present it with clarity; I argue only from the understandable and proceed with perspicuity; and although my aim is persuasion, I advance without the luxury of vertiginous embellishment, nor the allurement of rhetorical decoration. I pick up my pen not to burden the readers of the world with vacuous tinkering signifying nothing, not for glory and only incidentally for profit, but rather to offer a practical solution to a growing problem.

Yes, it is true I rarely publish. But I have seen the mountebanks and charlatans at work by their windows, and I have followed the trails of tobacco along

Illustration by Bonnie Rasbury

Though the world has ever evinced itself disposed to grant but scant regard to practical ideas, I retain a sufficient portion of the hope that once was at the full, and press on, prompted to be sure by nothing more than the mere possibility that a reasonable mind may exist, by the simple arithmetical odds that an understanding ear may hear. It were vain, perhaps, to expect in particular any issuance from the scholarly community to meet with acceptance, for the inclination of the general reading public to view with disdain the words hurled at it from the ivory tower is well known. But the public, we must hasten to admit, is neither to be blamed nor censured for its contempt, for indeed, scholarly literature would seem to offer nothing of *practical* significance; the bulk of it, in fact, would seem rather to reflect a

dusky corridors, and watched it rise through yellowed panes on empty afternoons, and heard the shuffle of papers' edges; and I have listened to the faint scrawl of their scuttling, ragged claws, stirring the dust that settles again. Oh yes, the library's shelves groan under the weight of their publications—the reams of coded emptiness. Why should I publish? But they—they rush to their typewriters at the least titillation, organizing their tidy inflated bursts of air. Why, only last week I picked up a current journal in the library, hoping to gain from it, but was indeed unable to progress beyond the lead article, a laborsome piece of some thirty pages which treated with predictable thoroughness the subject of the natural laxatives used by Erasmus and the effect of those substances on his thought. And just yesterday I discovered among my mail a freshly-published, eight-hundred-page leviathan of a book, which was the account of one critic's lifetime project, recently completed, devoted in painstaking detail to the reliving of the life of T. S. Eliot. Surely this is nonsense.

And I could have been among their number. Oh yes. But now they wonder at me, sneaking their evacuations, adding to their parched and ancient lists, regretting their compliances. And they never know me! The fools, the goats, they labor away. Look and see them in their cubicles, hear the muffled droning of their academic silence! Oh, they publish and publish away. Let them! The fools rush into my head and I plan. And yet once more I shift ahead. On their faces they wear their laughs—how the little sound tumbles and vanishes down the tiled and shuffled floors! Always laughing and I ignore it. It will never change—the madmen in camaraderie laughing, lurking, sniffing, thriving on me, and I will fortify my limits. They laugh and I refuse their structures.

But I digress. I argue only for justice. Must I watch the fools advance, piling up their bonuses, outearning me through their very stupidity? Must I stand calmly aside in the face of their accumulating inundation of trifles and see myself spat pitilessly into poverty? Oh Babylon! I have sat and wept, watching yesterday's purchasing power crumble until at last, at the point where the best of life is shut off from my enjoyment—I who alone could

receive it—until at last, I say, I can bear it in silence no longer. How ironic that a man in my station must be the one to see the solution. While the financiers, the planners, the experts, the strategists circulate their statistics, the economy crumbles. And I am forced to suffer. Yes, I have suffered.

The fact is nothing if not common knowledge that the well-being of our society is posed a serious threat by the alarming increase of unemployment, the steady progression of the inflationary spiral, and the accelerating depletion of our nation's energy resources. Why must we dally in trifles when we are faced with such overwhelming obstacles to our stability, when the contemplative, the noble-minded of us are forced unjustly into disgraceful income brackets? I, for one, am able no longer acquiescently to ignore the difficulties; indeed, my time for most of the past three years has been devoted almost entirely to a conscientious study of the problems, and I am pleased at last to express supreme confidence in the solution I have achieved and now humbly present to the consideration of the reasonable reader.

My solution grew from an initial realization that all our economic problems are interrelated and have their origins in the manifold administrations of wastefulness that, through their prevalence, have come to be accepted as inevitable in our society. Waste. We waste energy, we waste time, and most significantly, we waste human resources. The problem then, I perceived clearly, was one of waste, and its solution lay in the elimination of waste through an efficient and serviceable utilization of resources. With this in mind, I set about considering possibilities until at last, one morning, the parts fell together.

Were the Congress to appropriate a relatively inconsequential sum of money to the construction and maintenance of a series of over-sized treadmills connected to electric generators, and our police forces were to ferret out the indolent and the unemployed, the useless and the trifling, from their hiding holes and put them to work, with adequate salaries, as runners, it is clear that the problems of unemployment and energy depletion immediately would vanish. And surely it is equally clear, if the reader will only

reflect a moment, that with full employment, and the accompanying increase of revenue in circulation, inflation, too, would happily disappear. My paycheck would at once reclaim the power and sway it wielded of old. The world would become fascinating again. It is all really so ingeniously simple. Like the processes of nature, our economy would balance its inputs and outputs.

Perhaps the reader has already been struck with the beauty and simplicity of my proposal, but I might take a moment to elaborate and to point out some of the more immediate advantages. Treadmills would have their places in every town and city, every burg, neighborhood, and crossroads in America. Each structure would be capable of accommodating, say, three to five hundred runners. Everything in the country (with the possible exception of airplanes) would be run with electricity, and electrical energy would be limitless. Pollution would vanish as vast systems of electrical power were installed on interstates, on railroads, and in factories. And think of the benefits! First of all, with our economy stabilized, we could turn our attention to more urgent and worthy problems, such as the arms race, urban renewal, and cancer research. Think of it! Invincible supremacy over the Russians; clean, crime-free cities; and a cure for cancer! These wonders are quite within our reach. Furthermore, it is obvious that the level of physical fitness among our populace would quadruple overnight. The work week could be shortened and all citizens be required to spend a certain number of hours each week on the treadmills. Such wonderful and useful exercise! Certainly, I would eagerly participate. Athletes could combine their training with the generation of energy. Horse shows, basketball games, and parades could be held, to the advantage of all, on treadmills. Over-crowding of prisons would become a problem of the past as offenders of the law would find themselves sentenced to terms of varying duration upon specially designated treadmills. Poverty, crime, disease, injustice—all would vanish overnight. That perfect society which has been the dream of all sane men since the beginnings of civilization would become a reality. And it's all so simple I can hardly restrain myself from laughing.

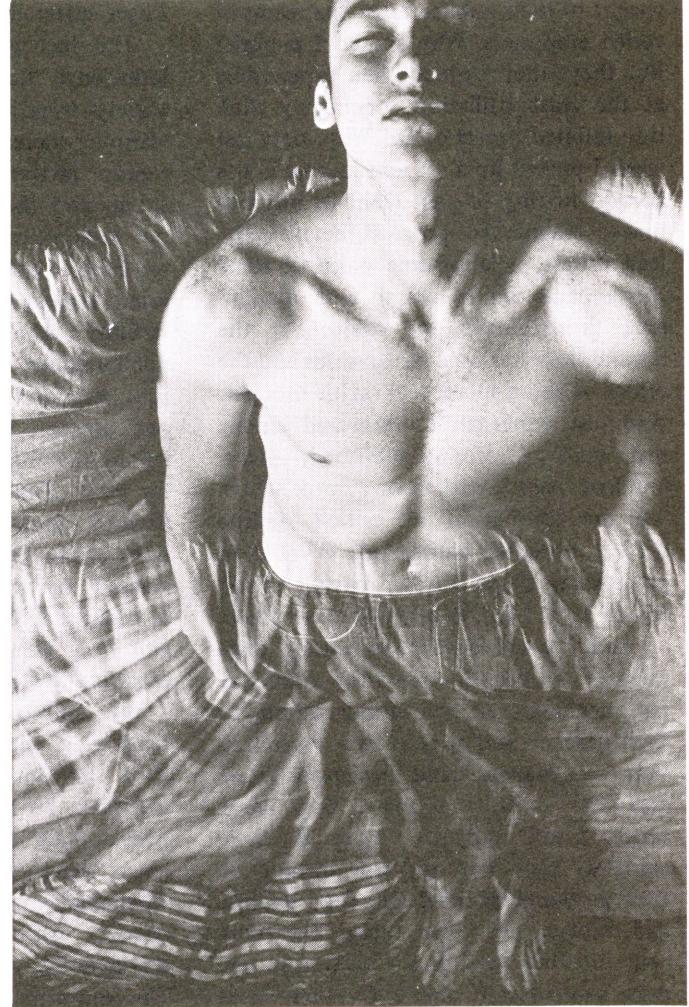
But it is here that my duty ends. I leave my proposal to the censure or acclamation of the public, with a solemn

reminder that time is running out. If there is a reasonable man, not only able to see the merit of my idea, but in a

position of urging it in the proper circles as well, let him step forward.



IDSA Photo Contest Winner



Photography by Jeff Cloar

IDSA Photo Contest Winner

DEALING

Dealing's just a backdoor to the alley
A deadend on the dark side of the town
A means to an end when you're starving
If the greed doesn't stick and choke you down.

This colder part of living don't come easy
Strangers haunt the shadows of your mind
You find yourself just glancing o'er your shoulder
and wondering if the law's one step behind.

(And your better half is trying to make you drop it
while your stomach is groaning for a meal
the easy cash is stashed inside your pocket
another nickel bag and bar room deal)

Dealing's got you cornered with a loser
You're stuck between a hard place and a stone
Connections seem to keep on getting fewer
The evening finds you on the street alone.

Tomorrow's got to be a little brighter
Pocket change is getting kind of thin
You pull your waistbelt in a little tighter
And hit the littered sidewalks once again.

—Thomas A. Coolidge '75

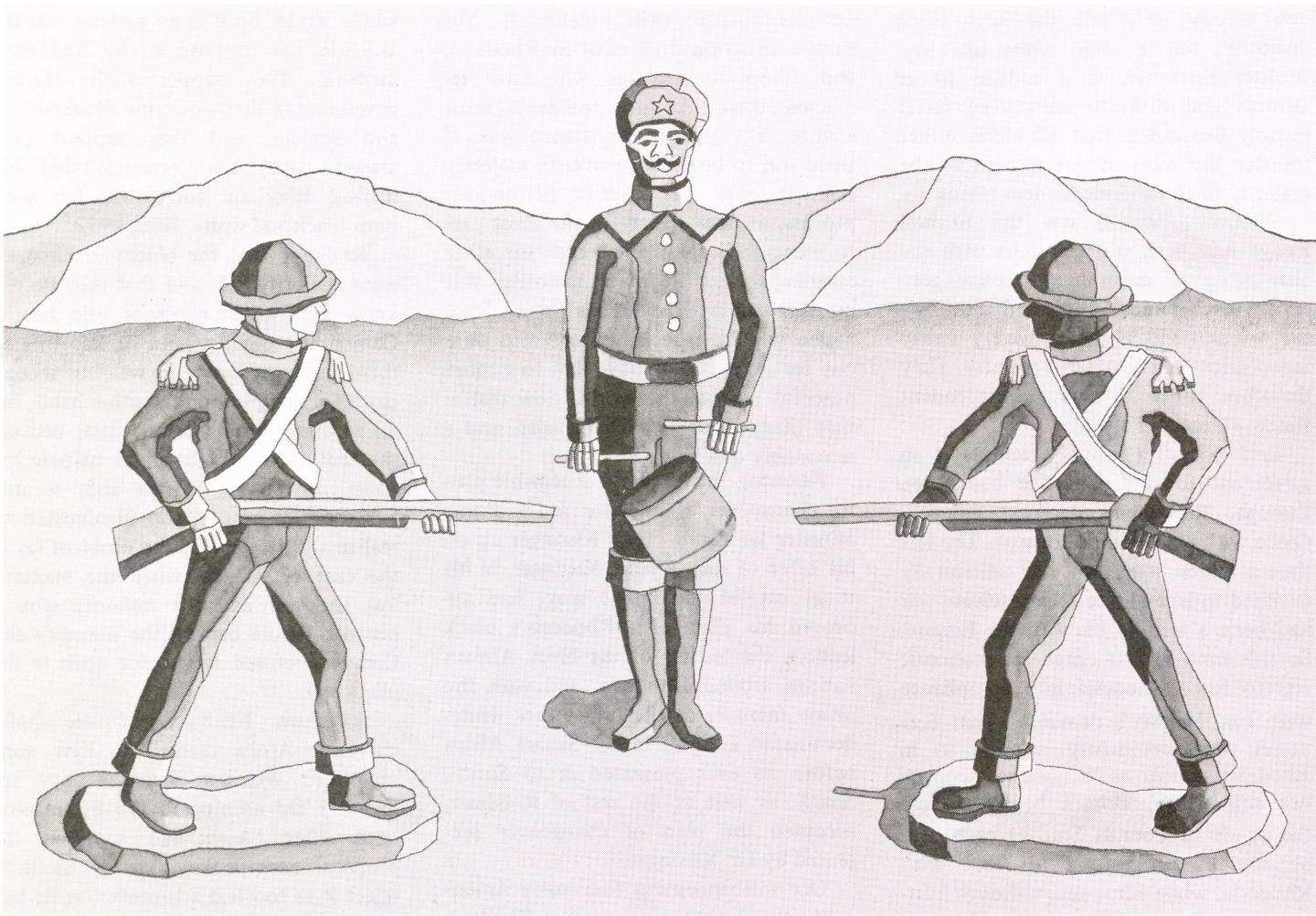


Illustration by Duanne Shinkle

RHODESIA- Black and White or Red?

By Mark Dunaway

The sun is finally setting on the British Empire. An empire that, along with civilization and a better way of life, brought war and strife to a world full of people is about to be gone forever. And one of the last unsolved problems caused by Britain's mistakes is about to be solved, never absolved, but solved.

Rhodesia's history is much like America's, as, indeed, the country itself is much like ours. The earliest white Rhodesians came from Europe as our own ancestors did. They came by ship, covered wagon, train, car and plane to find a new home and a fresh start. What they found was a wilderness of untapped wealth—a land with fertile fields, rich mineral deposits,

and a lion's share of natural beauty. They found a climate to their liking and settled there to live. And, while they did find a new life and a fresh start, it was a life of hardship and hard work.

Unlike many of Britain's other colonies in Africa, Rhodesia soon had a large number of "Europeans" calling the

country home, and Britain gave white Rhodesians a right to self-government without taking into consideration the African natives of Rhodesia, who had occupied the land long before Livingston first entered it in 1855. Thus, when the clamor for independence arose in Africa, and Britain began granting independence to the black African nations which had never obtained self-rule, Rhodesia too requested independence. It made more sense from one point of view to grant independence to Rhodesia than to any other colony in sub-Saharan Africa, for Rhodesians had exercised successful self-rule for decades. However, from another point of view, those who had governed

the colony were not the large black majority, but a small white minority. Mother Britannia, in a sudden fit of fairness and hitherto unheard-of racial justice, demanded that Rhodesia either transfer the reins of government to the majority or forego independent status.

Rhodesian whites saw the turmoil Kenya had been plunged into with the changeover of government to inexperienced black hands. They had also seen the tribal strife in nearly every newly independent black African country. They therefore chose to forego independent status, at least for a while.

In 1965, after several attempts at an agreement for independence had fallen through, Rhodesians declared independence without Britain's consent. The last time a nation, our own, had unilaterally declared independence, the resulting war had been a terrible blow to the Empire. So this time Britain opted for economic war to force Rhodesia into compliance with Her Majesty's demands. That economic war, commonly referred to in Rhodesia merely as "sanctions," continues still today. Britain began to lose thousands of Pounds Sterling each year because of her refusal to trade with Rhodesia, while Rhodesia, although hurting, seemed unyielding in her claim of independence. The proposal of sanctions was then taken to the U.N. in order to bring even more force to bear on Rhodesia, and the proposal was accepted. But even with every nation in the U.N. (except South Africa and Portugal) officially committed to economic sanctions, Rhodesians merely tightened their belts and reiterated their claim of independence. Up until a short time ago, in fact, sanctions proved to be more an aid than a hindrance to Rhodesia, because they caused her to become more self-sufficient while other Commonwealth nations who had continued to trade with the free world have lagged behind her in industrial development. Rhodesia is now the second most industrialized country in Africa.

Although Rhodesian whites have attempted to ignore it for decades, they have a definite internal problem that vastly outweighs any external problems. For, like it or not, and disregarding outside intervention, a situation in which a majority is ruled and discriminated against by a minority cannot and should

not continue to exist indefinitely. Yet such a situation does exist in Rhodesia, and Rhodesian whites who have remained there do not realize it must change. For years their stance was, if there was to be a changeover to majority rule, it must be a ten or fifteen-year process, an idea which for the most part is extremely intangible and therefore meaningless to the black majority. But most remaining Rhodesians (many Rhodesian whites, especially those who were out for a fast buck, have fled to a more peaceful part of the world) now realize that there must be a changeover, and a reasonably quick one.

Knowing the need for a sensible plan for changeover, Rhodesians led by Prime Minister Ian Smith took Kissinger up on his offer of such a plan. Kissinger, in his usual careful diplomatic way, had approved his plan with Rhodesia's black leaders, the leaders of the black African nations around Rhodesia, and with the prime minister of the only other white-dominated country in sub-Saharan Africa before he ever presented it to Smith. Smith, as well as the rest of Rhodesia, accepted the plan of changeover presented by Dr. Kissinger.

One misconception that many Americans have about the situation in Rhodesia is that it is a simple two-sided confrontation between a black majority and a white minority. There is, however, an extremely important and complicating third side to the problem—the Russian presence in southern Africa. For the U.S.S.R., never one to miss a trick, realized several years back that any racial confrontation in Africa could prove beneficial to its ultimate goals. Southern Africa (including Zambia, Mozambique, Angola, Malawi, Namibia, Botswana, Rhodesia, and the Republic of South Africa) has a partially-developed potential to be one of the strongest and richest areas on the entire globe. In this area oil, gold, diamonds, chromium, copper, coal, limestone, iron ore, uranium, platinum, gem stones, and manganese are mined. Well-developed in some parts are its hydroelectric power, rail system, highway system, telecommunications, nuclear armament, steel industry, and tourist trade. One of the world's major shipping lanes goes around southern Africa. By controlling this area Russia would take another giant step toward controlling the

whole world. So it is no wonder that the U.S.S.R. has its nose in the Rhodesian problem. They supported the Marxist governments that now rule Mozambique and Angola, and they support (and always have) the terrorism that has marred Rhodesia and killed her sons, both black and white, since 1972.

Realizing that the blacks in Rhodesia want majority rule and that they do not know the consequences of help from a Communist country, Russia has entered the Rhodesian problem wearing sheep's clothing. America, on the other hand, can do nothing in retaliation; first, because she will then be labeled as helping the racist regimes in Africa and, second, because Congress is too ill-educated to realize the severity of the problem (as in the case of Angola, when the majority lost the war and the minority won it because Russia backed the minority and Congress refused to provide arms to the majority).

Somehow Kissinger's shuttle diplomacy in Africa seemed to have gone unnoticed by the Russians—they apparently did nothing to foil the mission until after Smith had accepted the proposal. Perhaps they expected Smith to reject it as too fast a turnover, as he had countless earlier proposals. But once Smith and white Rhodesia had accepted Kissinger's proposal, the Russians' subsequent handiwork became all too obvious. The Communist propaganda machine kicked into gear and soon had black Africa decrying their own agreement, as a move to perpetuate colonial influence in Africa. Kissinger, careful not to step on black Africans' or black Americans' feet, had no choice but to go along with the frontline nations' denial of their previous agreement.

Kissinger's plan was already on the rocks a few days after Smith agreed to it. A sadly unreasonable facsimile began to form, under the openly guiding hand of Britain and strongly influenced by the underhanded methods of the U.S.S.R. Mr. Smith finally totally rejected the subsequently formed plan on the week of January 24, 1977. The final plan was not the Kissinger Plan that both Smith and the black African nations had agreed to and, according to Smith, the changed plan would have given the government over to a "Marxist indoctrinated minority." Smith is probably correct.

Ian Smith is a man of his word. If he and his nation agreed to a plan, they will at least attempt to carry it out. And Smith stated last week that Rhodesia will put into effect the Kissinger Two-Year Plan for majority rule.

A new black party, Zimbabwe United People's Organization, was recently formed in Rhodesia. This party is considered conservative in sentiment and supports Smith's intention to put into effect the Kissinger proposal. I believe that this new party represents the opinion of the majority of educated black Rhodesians. They want majority rule—genuine majority rule, not Marxist dictatorial rule. They want the changeover to be peaceful and they want the Whites to stay and keep the nation running smoothly.

America's new role in Rhodesia should

be one of support for the Zimbabwe United People's Organization's and Smith's plan for changeover in two years. The U.S. should assume a position of moral support and perhaps lend the services of a diplomat to serve as a liaison between black and white forces. Our nation should denounce the Russian-backed terrorist movement along Rhodesia's borders, and do all she can to promote peace and lessen the influence of the U.S.S.R. in the region.

It is time for Rhodesians and Americans, black and white, to unite for mutually beneficial ends. America has everything to gain and nothing to lose by aiding a smooth transition to black rule in Rhodesia. The U.S. is powerless to check the growth of Communist influence in southern Africa until Rhodesia has majority rule. America needs Rhodesian

products such as chrome. And in this day and time allies as anti-Communist as Rhodesia are hard to come by.

As well as standing to gain by helping in a changeover in Rhodesia, the U.S. has much to offer the strife-torn country. Having such a similar history and having overcome comparable racial problems equip Americans well as advisors to a new free Zimbabwe (Zimbabwe will be Rhodesia's name after the changeover). And as a showcase nation Zimbabwe could serve as an example to the Republic of South Africa of how a changeover can occur peacefully if managed right. Setting such an example would perhaps prompt the Republic of South Africa to follow suit and therefore relieve the threat of further Marxist infiltration in southern Africa.



POPDADDY

I remember when Popdaddy used to stand out on the backporch just as the sun settled down to rest but the gray light would still wait awhile.

One hand would rest on my brother's shoulder
the other in the hip pocket of his overalls
And he would teach Ben to whistle to the whippoorwills

And they would answer back

—Susan Bassett

POLYGAMY

He rushed into his first,
By the influence of a shotgun.
A blue-eyed cadillac
With four wheel drive
And elegant trim.

A kiss started his second.
An heir to a fortune
That brought him happiness
And he'd hold his treasures
Every night for security.

He fell into his third.
A tan, a splash, and lawnchairs.
Drinks at the shallow end,
Splashes and falls in the deep.
(And barmaids in skintight briefs.)

The fourth came by a little late
More love, more passion
Than the other three,
But not as bright and strong—
And died of loneliness in bed.

—Ken Taylor

3rd place poetry winner, Sigma Tau Delta Creative Writing Contest

THE WALK-ON GAMBLE



Illustration by Cooper Stults

By Jeff Gray

I have often wondered if I would have played college football without the benefit of an athletic scholarship. Research on the subject of walk-ons unveiled to me the hardships and hopelessness of such an endeavor. As an objective writer, I may only present the situation as it exists. The reader must try to understand the mind of the man with no odds in his favor; the man whose best efforts are seldom rewarded; the man with unyielding desire: the walk-on.

The term "walk-on" refers to an aspiring athlete who, because of lack of size or superior athletic ability, fails to catch the eye of the college recruiter and consequently fails to be awarded a scholarship. However, he tries out for the team anyway with the hope of someday earning one. Very few walk-ons ever achieve their goal. In fact, most quit trying within the first year. The few that continue the quest are the strong individuals. But some people consider them crazy. They are determined to work harder than anyone else and never quit, no matter what obstacles may spring up in their path. What sort of path is it? It certainly is not one of the average student. Average students don't beat their brains out on a football field. Likewise, it cannot be the same as that of the athlete on scholarship. The walk-on receives none of the benefits of having his schooling paid for. He exists somewhere in between, facing problems of both groups.

In mid-August, the young walk-on is eager to begin his trek. He sacrifices his final summer days to join roughly one hundred other walk-ons in an attempt to prove the college recruiters wrong.

An orientation is held for the walk-ons. They meet in a large room in Memorial Coliseum. A few players know each other and talk in hushed voices about their rivals sitting around them. Several coaches enter the room and all conversation ceases. Each man awaits the encouraging words, the reassurance that what he has undertaken will not be in vain. Strong promises are made. But promises are only words. The young men are told that even though they are

walk-ons they will be treated as equals of the scholarship athletes. So the rose garden is painted. The outlook is encouraging. However, when they leave that room, their equality vanishes.

The next day reality greets each man with a slap in the face. Some walk-ons are issued football shoes a size too large. Others must suffer the discomfort of a helmet that fits on the head like a vise. The scholarship athlete knows of no such problems. He is an investment that must be protected. The walk-on is a dispensable commodity used in much the same way as a sparring partner for Muhammed Ali. He works hard to better himself, but seldom fights any big matches and consequently never receives any honors. The same can be said of the walk-on. Under the false auspices of the coaching staff, the walk-on is encouraged to work hard so that he may earn a chance to play. In doing so, the coaches create a competent adversary for their team to practice against—an efficient use of resources to say the least.

How does the walk-on feel about being used as a practice dummy? I presented the question to former walk-on noseguard Smokey Puckett.

"Once you're put on the scout team, they (coaches) classify you as one and you stay there with little hope of getting out. It's very depressing. I bust my brains out all week long at practice and never get a chance to play."

Why does a person work so hard for so little? What sort of encouragement keeps the walk-on from giving up his dream and living an easier life? Smokey related a story about an encouraging promise made to him.

"At the beginning of the season I approached a coach and told him my feelings about playing. I said that I had been here three years now and never played in a varsity game. I don't want to feel like I've wasted three years of my life. All I want is to dress out for a game and feel what it's like to be in an Auburn uniform in front of sixty thousand fans. This coach told me that I would be dressed out for at least one game this year. Coming from him, that was very encouraging news. But he never kept his promise. Before our last home game I approached him again. I asked him if he

intended to keep his word and dress me out. He said that he was sorry but there was nothing he could do."

Most encouragement, however, did not come in the form of promises. The words were less powerful and spoken more often. Smokey heard them many times.

"Just keep working. You'll get your chance . . . You're doing all right, keep working."

So, he kept working. The walk-ons followed the same programs as the scholarship athletes. During winter work-out, all athletes lifted weights three times a week and endured numerous agonizing drills twice a week. The drills were designed to increase the speed and agility of the athlete as well as to get him into top physical condition. A day seldom went by that someone didn't faint from exhaustion or become sick to the stomach. Physical agony could have been sufficient reason for Smokey to quit. But it wasn't. The many hours devoted to conditioning might have convinced him to put his efforts into something more promising. But it didn't. The walk-on endured. He endured six long weeks in an attempt to equalize himself with the other athletes and perhaps get a chance to play. The events of spring training proved to be revelatory.

A few days before practice, Smokey was informed of a change that involved him. Up until this time he had been playing third team noseguard on the varsity. Smokey's coach told him that a newcomer by the name of Tommy Thompson would be placed ahead of him when practice started. The reasons for the change were not made clear. The coach told Smokey that he just wanted to see what Thompson could do. Thompson had not worked for six weeks in the weight room. He hadn't suffered the pains of intense agility drills, and yet he remained ahead of Smokey for the entire five weeks of practice. Perhaps Thompson was a better athlete. Perhaps Smokey was too small to play college football. Many people had told him that. But how could someone too small to play college football practice it for three years? There isn't a great deal of difference between practice and the real thing. Smokey reflected on his disappointing career and tried to verbalize his emotions. His epitaph buried the quest forever.

"I wish I could have played. It would have meant a lot to me."

Every coin has two sides, however, and some walk-ons are fortunate enough to win the toss. Their labors are rewarded with the presentation of a scholarship. The select few who make it this far usually end up playing in regular games at one time or another. Defensive back Mike McCloud came to Auburn in the summer of 1974. He had heard that many of the defensive backs on the varsity team were seniors who would be leaving. Others were juniors and had only one year left.

"I saw that a lot of defensive backs were graduating and decided to give it a chance."

Mike earned a starting position on the freshman team and enjoyed a very successful season. However, he was not impressive enough to convince the coaches that he deserved a scholarship. Although teammate and fellow walk-on Alan Hardin did receive a scholarship in November of the same year, Mike's destiny would not be fulfilled so easily.

Mike was a walk-on trying to make the team. But more important, he was a black man trying to succeed at a predominantly-white Southern school. The odds were not exactly in his favor. His struggle was a very personal one.

"I felt alone in the world. I had to prove to myself that I could succeed. I

realized that I needed an education. If I earned a scholarship, I'd have it paid for. I'd have a future. If I didn't make it, what would I do? Become a bum?"

Mike continued to work hard during winter and spring practice. Exhaustion plagued him every day. He practiced intensely but no one seemed to notice. His perseverance yielded no results. Aside from practice, Mike faced economic problems that are unknown by the scholarship athletes. He very seldom ate three meals a day. When he did eat, the food usually consisted of hamburgers and a few canned goods. The scholarship athletes were well fed and felt little economic pressure. I asked Mike how he managed to survive the pressure.

THANK GOODNESS FOR WALK-ONS

By Chuck Fletcher

It is a pleasure to spend Saturday afternoons to get their broken bones and bruises under the scrutiny of a dozen ill-tempered coaches.

Another thing that bothers me, inasmuch that I am bothered, is that walk-ons participate in the football program without *any* help towards their education. To be specific, walk-ons attend practice and all other team functions (team meetings mostly) and do everything else that the scholarship athletes do—except eat and sleep at the athlete dorm. The walk-ons pay their own tuition, room and board, books, and even a five dollar deposit for the equipment they use when they come out for the team. (I guess the athletic department doesn't trust them.) Most people don't seem to realize that walk-ons play for nothing.

Why do they keep coming out for the team? I think some come out because of football-loving parents, others because they want to prove they can play football in the college ranks, and others because they just plain love the hell out of the game. Almost all try-outs have one thing in common—mediocre physical potential as compared to the fleeting speed and devastating strength of the so called "super studs." The few walk-ons who do make the team have an attitude that makes them special—a "give-it-all," throw caution to the wind," attitude, and being on the field

with this special few is a pleasure. These walk-ons give the maximum effort on every play, an effort that compensates for their average size, average speed, and average ability. (One thing's sure, the ones who do make the team don't have average intestinal fortitude!)

The glorious success experienced by the "makers" is counterbalanced by the terrible disappointment felt by every walk-on who fails to receive a scholarship. To enjoy fall and spring practice is impossible, to struggle through the detestable off-season workouts and risk life and limb on Saturday afternoon is a nerve-shattering experience, and hardly any walk-ons come out for a second try after one year of torment. But hallelujah for the ones who stick through the hell of a walk-on year.

Being a full-time student is a full-time job for most people; but let's face it, the added time football demands makes college torture, and these poor souls pay for both their education and the privilege to come out for the team. And all for what?—To send home poor grades at the end of the quarter and to be pushed and shoved around the practice field in the beautiful fall and spring afternoons—paying for everything with money or blood—usually both.



"I don't know. I used to go home at night and cry... and pray.... Many times I thought I was going crazy. I kept asking myself—why am I doing this? I considered quitting at least twice a week."

Mike never did quit. His body was beaten and his will was weak. But he didn't quit. He was demoralized by the coaches and resented by his teammates.

But he didn't quit. He believed that if he minimized his mistakes during practice he would improve. He was right. His consistent play allowed him to surpass his competition and emerge as a great athlete. In the fall of 1975 he became second team defensive halfback. Before the third game of the season he was able to reap the reward he had strived so long for: he was given a scholarship.

Win or lose, the road to success is long and rocky. The walk-on has no guarantee of achievement. He may gamble his time and energy and lose it all for nothing. But there's always a chance, that slim chance that he may succeed where others have failed. Like a spider dangling from a fine thread of silk, he survives only by clinging to the frail hope of triumph.

MISSISSIPPI FINITE

The freighters coasted alongside
of a lightning storm
with rain washing
salt from the deck.
And in intermediate flashes
the marshes show
the great hell hole
where America pours
out her heart
in mud, dead fish, and
hopes for rebirth.
Dropping off
the night becomes void
yellowing flares from Port Arthur
wrinkling shadows in the sky
Everyone becomes older.

—Mark Beffart

DAMN THE EXAMS

Final exams I do detest
They keep me from my needed rest,
These quarterly evils some do say
Will make us feeble, old and grey,
With this I'll agree, I do declare
For I am losing precious hair,
My nails I bite for knowledge sake
To pass the test I'm forced to take,
The coffee to elude my sleep
Gives me ulcers and stains my teeth,
I sit for days and learning seek
As my body gets soft and weak,
My health is failing as you see
Just to make an "A" or "B,"
So dear Prof, if I may say
Forget the test, just pass the "A."

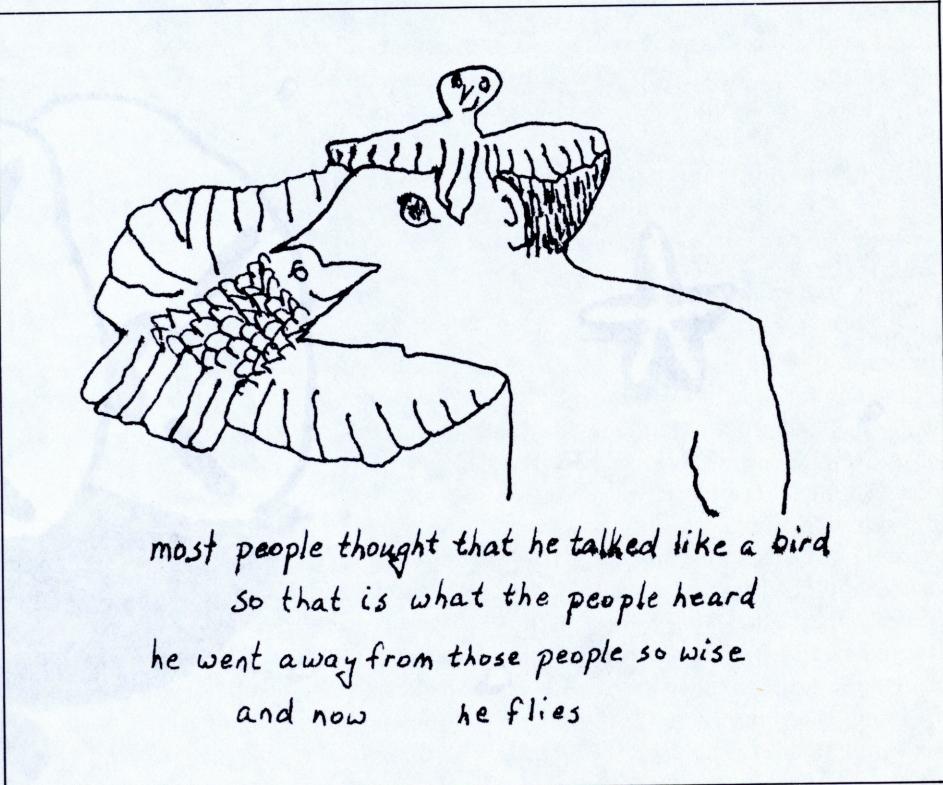
—Ralph Fowler

DEAR CALIBAN

Dear Caliban, come crouch upon my chest
And stuff your hairy fists into my throat.
Or, knuckles into temples pressed, suppress;
Sweat-sicken me to pentacle and goat.
With oozing nails scratch sunlight from my eyes,
Forsake the spattered chokings in your ears!
Fill, festering sore with great, salacious flies,
With honed and desert tongue, lick up my fears.
To cringing nostrils blow miasma breath,
To switching torso, show your mighty kick.
But send me not, dear Caliban, to death;
Your vast enjoyment, ah, would be too quick!

These wracks, befitting you, I'd never mind
As much the unthought horrors of my kind.

—L. Susan DeShazo



Artwork by roby bellah

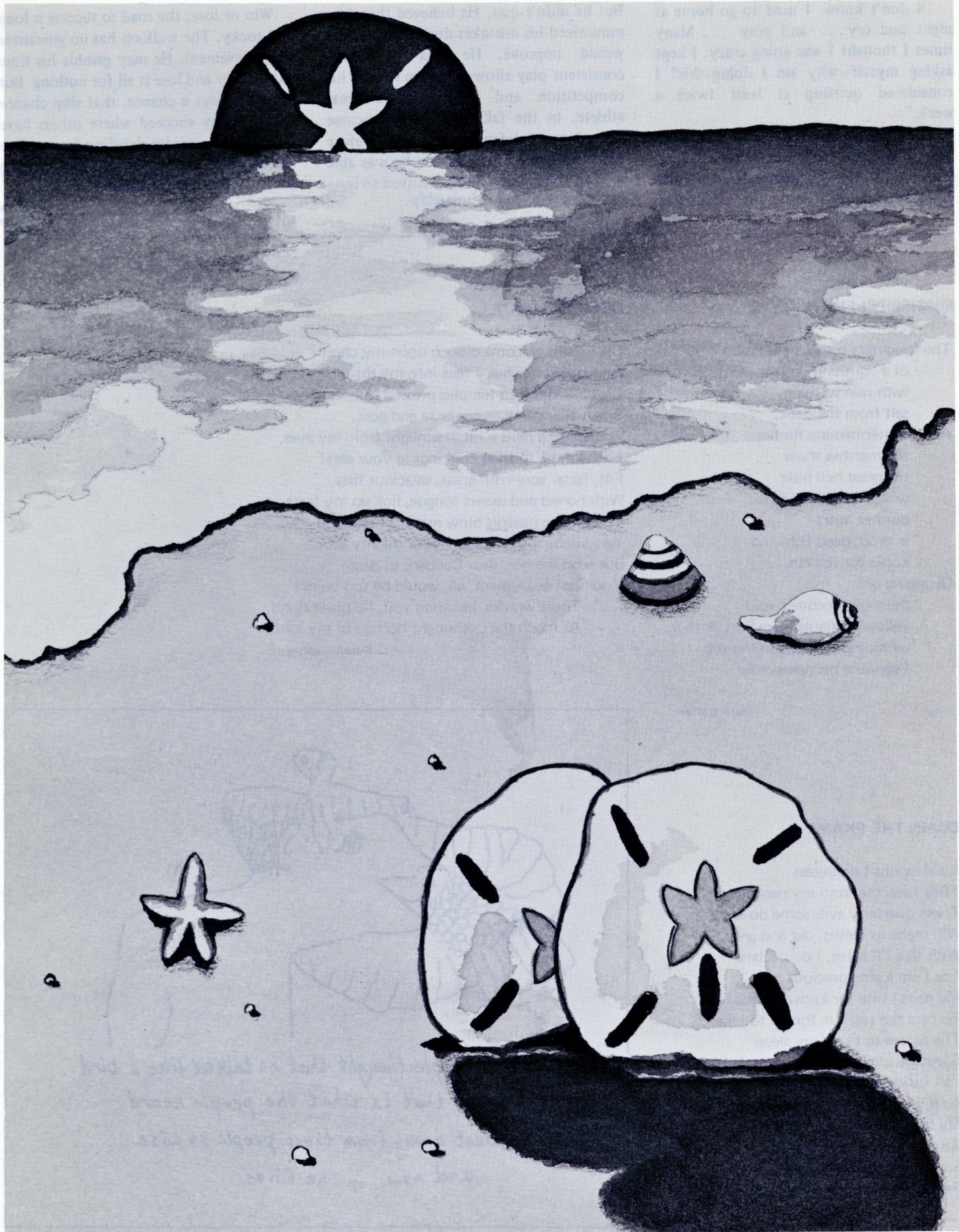


Illustration by Kim Smith

The Sand Dollar

FICTION By Judy Sheppard

*1st place fiction winner,
Sigma Tau Delta Creative Writing Contest*

I was nine that spring Kate took me to the beach. We had been there together often, with my noisy, boisterous family; but going alone with Kate would be, I knew, somehow very different. She had been going there summers for years, collecting souvenirs and stories—assorted straw hats and shell necklaces and sand dollars, tales of strange creatures like sandpipers and students and surfers. I had long yearned to see the beach as Kate saw it.

Kate saw everything differently. That is why I never knew what to expect from her, why no one depended on Kate to fulfill her promise until it was too late. I didn't know about this trip until my mother—Kate's harassed older sister—handed me my bag and set me outside to watch for Kate's car. We had all learned not to lean too heavily on Kate's whims or moods; at twenty-two she was already the family eccentric, impulsive, intelligent, anxious, vacillating between an unbearable love of life and an intolerable hate of it. But this was all I knew about her then, and mostly only worshipped and idolized her: nothing could have dazzled me more than the prospect of a few days alone with her.

We drove down on a doubtful afternoon, beneath the shadow of rain coming from the east. I could hardly endure my excitement, and talked even more than usual, but now Kate was patient and silent. I knew my talkative exhilaration was often irritating, especially to Kate, whom Mother had carefully explained to me as "nervous"; but today she was so quiet she seemed serene, sometimes looking at me as if treasuring or trying to fathom me: I was very happy.

Our cabin, a small squat green box, was quite ugly. I loved it, and went about designating beds and closets while Kate set up housekeeping with her books and notebooks and coffeepot, moving dreamily through my constant monologue as if to music. "We'll get up early to find sand dollars, won't we?" I asked. "Can we go to the beach tonight? We could go to the Purple Dinosaur for ice cream after supper. Did you bring your camera? Will you blow up my raft in the morning?"

"Sure, sure," Kate answered, pinning up her heavy hair in a tarnished silver barrette, her smile half-amused, half-absent. "I don't care what we do. We'll do what you want."

Dizzy with power, I planned our time elaborately over our supper. We would search for shells, swim, grow tanned and sun-streaked; we would shop for sloganized T-shirts and cheap jewelry, and I would find a chain to hang my sand dollars on; we would toast marshmallows and watch old movies on television; we would write stories together—I knew this pleased Kate—and illustrate them and read them aloud. But first we made our trip, a family tradition, to the Purple Dinosaur, a hamburger joint remarkable only for its tall white cones and huge lurid papier mache' namesake leering outside—a place where Kate and her friends once ate hot amber butterscotch sundaes and heard the Jesus freaks preach.

"Do you want to walk on the beach?" Kate asked. "This is the best time." It was eight o'clock and quite dark, but we slipped through the camps of Winnebagos and pick-ups garnished with multi-colored lanterns and barbecue smoke to the shore. I was overflowing in my excitement. It was incredible to have Kate, the best of story-tellers, such a captive, quiet listener, and I rattled gaily about a thousand trivial fascinating matters, completely happy till I was suddenly aware that she was not beside me.

She had stopped a few yards back, and stood barefoot and holding her shoes in the cool silver sand, looking at—and hearing—only the sea. I stopped, and looked too.

Above our heads the nearly complete moon had risen, the ugly yellow lights of the camps and the town seemed suddenly very far away, and the surf was very near, loud and vast and dark. The water stretched black and endless, marked only by the smooth white track of moonlight, an inviting path to nowhere from the place where the tumblers broke and foamed. I walked back to where Kate stood; I was suddenly small and afraid.

"I was never afraid of the water," she said, staring at it, sensing my fear.

"It's awfully loud!" I said with great bravado.

We both stood shivering and staring; then she smiled at me. "It's almost too beautiful, isn't it?" she asked. "Let's go to the edge. I bet it's warm. There's nothing to be scared of here."

We left our prints in the smooth sand and waded carefully into the warm eddies, dodging the tiny transparent sand crabs, while Kate spoke of a poem by Whitman ("Do you hear what the sea is saying?" she asked me then) and of Poseidon and mermaids. And all around us was that unearthly, unbelievable white light and the enormous water, reaching and whispering.

I awoke before dawn, shivering, to climb into bed with Kate to warm and wait till the light came. When it did, we found our jeans and last night's paper cups, and went to hunt for sand dollars before anyone else awoke.

There was no one there but us. The beach stretched empty and silent. The tide had drawn back, leaving shallow, gleaming pools of cool sandy water that would, Kate told me, disappear when the day bloomed into real heat. Now we edged in to our ankles, bending to peer

sharply like avaricious old beggars, for Kate had not found whole sand dollars since those magic past summers, and I never had. I had seen only the old ones in a box in her room, pale perfect circles carefully bleached and varnished, with strange mystic markings; and I had seen Kate poring over the sand on countless afternoons, finding only fragments—worse than nothing because Kate believed only in perfection. She was already resigned to disappointment. But we went patiently along, our shadows shortening as the morning turned blue and cream over the new friendly sea, till Kate wordlessly fished a flat white disc from a watery hollow. She held it out to me, cupped in her palm like a holy thing, her face for a moment beautiful again in its wonder.

"A whole one," she said. "After all this time."

"But we haven't looked long!" I cried, encouraged, and ran on to find my own. There were others there, just as Kate had remembered, inconspicuous and beautiful, quiet and hidden; like some people, Kate said, that most never see intact. You must find them soon, she told me, laying another carefully in her pink and red striped cup, before the tide comes in again to batter them or crush them without even seeing; they break, and then they're lost.

"They're lost," she said again, and threw back her heavy dark hair to look toward the piers where fishermen already leaned over the rails and families and teenagers would soon come. I listened and obeyed respectfully, half hearing, half counting my shells, hardly seeing the look that had now fallen on Kate's young, tanned, tired face.

She seems to me—now that I am older and she is lost—to have been quite fragile in those days, somehow caught in a tide she could neither understand nor defeat.

We chose the best and left the other shells for those who see the beach only by day, and took our place in the crowds. But we guarded our sand dollars as if they were valuable, and Kate spread them on her blue bandanna to dry. That night in our dimly lit cabin we enamelled them to put away, for, Kate said, they turn into dust.



IDSA Photo Contest Winner

Photography by R. G. Millman

SANDPIPER

running up
running down
look at me
seaside clown
born on stilts
above flat feet
i flee the wave
chase its retreat
run here and there
quick as a cat
can't catch me
and that is that

—Harrison Marshall

THROWN NET

Love falls out
so strange
so change your
heart
a little
like a net.
Spread it, spread
like a ripple
fanning out
and see
what fish
you get.

—Martha Duggar



IDSA Photo Contest Winner

Photography by Patty DiRienzo



THE HOTEL TAHLIS

A hangout for Auburn architecture students, after-church diners, and hungry Montgomerians is the Hotel Talisi thirty minutes west of Auburn on Highway 14.

This combination hotel-restaurant, known accurately as "A GOOD PLACE TO EAT AND A CLEAN PLACE TO STAY" exudes the country charm of Alabama in the 1930's.

The famous restaurant features a serve-yourself buffet, all you can eat for \$2.50.



An all-you-can-eat policy keeps diners happy. No one goes away hungry from the huge buffet of sumptuous Southern fare.

Vegetables are "les spécialités de la maison," ranging from black-eyed peas, spiced peaches, eggplant casserole, corn-off-the-cob, candied yams and boiled cabbage to squash, cornmeal muffins, and hominy. Two meats usually complete the menu, hamburger steaks and Southern fried chicken varied with other dishes, and homemade desserts.

The image features a large, bold, black font word "FIELD" centered in the foreground. Behind it, there is a dense, semi-transparent overlay of text in a smaller, lighter gray font. The visible words include "business", "new", "outside", "downsize", "plus", "and", "last", "years", "ago", "soldiers", "have", "been", "families", "and", "parents", "of", "the", "old", "days", "when", "there", "was", "a", "lot", "more", "time", "to", "spend", "with", "your", "children", "and", "grandchildren", "and", "you", "had", "more", "time", "to", "travel", "and", "explore", "the", "world", "and", "you", "had", "more", "time", "to", "read", "books", "and", "enjoy", "quiet", "moments", "with", "your", "partner", "or", "spouse", "and", "you", "had", "more", "time", "to", "plan", "for", "the", "future", "and", "you", "had", "more", "time", "to", "reflect", "on", "your", "life", "and", "your", "achievements", "and", "you", "had", "more", "time", "to", "cherish", "your", "memories", "and", "create", "new", "ones", "and", "you", "had", "more", "time", "to", "appreciate", "the", "small", "things", "in", "life", "and", "you", "had", "more", "time", "to", "simply", "exist", "and", "enjoy", "the", "present".

Today Hotel Talisi with its 60 rooms open for year-round rental looks like Tallassee, Alabama's number one calling card.

A black and white photograph of an elderly man with a warm smile. He has white hair and is wearing a light-colored, button-down shirt with a patterned tie. His arms are crossed over his chest. The background features a brick wall and a window with a grid pattern. A sign on the window reads "TALISI".

"I'm a ham," says Jack, once a sports writer for the *Montgomery Advertiser*.

A three-story building of old brick, it stands on a corner in downtown Tallahassee which years before was a large lot improved only by a livery stable where Southerners traded mules and buggies.

"That was before my time," says George Jackson, better known as Jack, one of the Talisi's well-known occupants and self-proclaimed ham. "I've been in this hotel nine years," he says proudly. Jack hobnobs with the regular clientele, stopping a man from across the street long enough to laugh at an off-color joke. Jack chuckles and lets "Cha'lie" (never with an "r") pass on. People saunter through the red-carpeted lobby.

Another favorite who frequents the hotel at all times is Roger Chambliss, the owner's brother-in-law. He sits quietly, rubber-tipped cane at his left, an ashtray at his right, observing each passerby. Mr. Chambliss seems like a fixture, as much a

ANSWER

By Ruth Dunn

Photography by Ruth Dunn

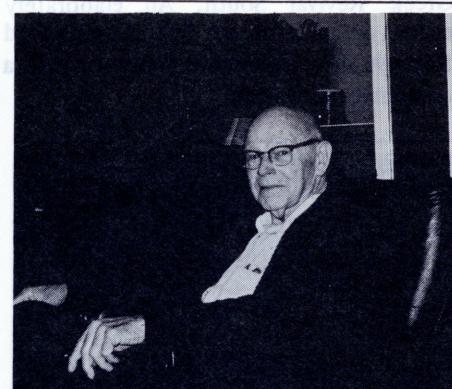
part of Hotel Talisi as the foundation

Photography by Ruth Dunn

part of Hotel Tanai as the foundation. His clear blue eyes and fair bald pate proclaim a man happy and content to puff on a Roi-tan cigar while his gold ring flashes in the smoke. He speaks of his cabin on beautiful Lake Jordan and of his daughter.

"I spek we'll run off to Miami next month," he predicts. "We've been to the Bahamas and the Caribbean."

He came to live at the Talisi two weeks after it opened in 1929. Chambliss won't tell how old he is, only, "I'm way on up. Way on up, too! Anybody that was in World War I, they're kinda up in years! Ha! Ha!" Meanwhile, a fellow from Auburn University interrupts our chatter to put a fresh roll of music into the modern player piano in front of us. Suddenly we hear "By the Light of the Silvery Moon," but Roger Chambliss goes on talking. He



Roger Chambliss, Tom Patterson's brother-in-law, sits in the downstairs lobby of the Talisi, with a friendly word for visitors.

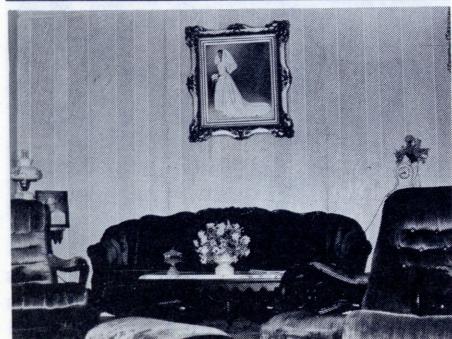
helped to build the tremendous Thurlow Dam that looms half a block away, taming the Tallapoosa River.

The old lingers comfortably with the new. The furniture, like the people, is no exception. A new dining room is going up off the old building while new fixtures gradually replace old in upper story bathrooms, and high-ceilinged bedrooms get color TV. Deadbolt locks rest silently above glass and brass doorknobs and skeleton keyholes in old doors. The Hotel Talisi is slipping ever so slowly into modern ways bit by bit but its genuine Southern charm still predominates.



A baby grand piano and antique couches and chairs give visitors to the second story lobby a sense of being back at Tara.

At the top of the red-carpeted staircase we walk onto the Hotel Talisi's spacious second floor. The carpets below our curious feet are bright red emblazoned with green old Zodiac signs. Casting our eyes to the right we spot a sleek and simple green velvet divan over 100 years old. The hall's straight highback chairs with new red velvet coverings are reminiscent of royalty and Greek Revival South. An elaborately carved couch is on our left as we roamed through the tremendous lobby or hall, a combination of both.



The Pink Room upstairs is where the Pattersons live. Its elegant furnishings are dominated by various shades of pink.

A mahogany double-desk waits for someone who perhaps has postcards to

write. "Staying at Hotel Talisi—quaint old place—wish you were here—".

Still keeping time, the old Grandfather clock's brass pendulum ticks away the lazy afternoon hours. A mahogany baby grand piano topped with a huge vase of artificial flowers offers itself to anyone with musical hands. It is only one of five pianos in the hotel, including an antique pump organ built when soldiers were donning blue and gray. Upstairs and downstairs you see pianos, new, antique, repainted, as if monuments to culture.

Down the long hall spotted with chairs and silenced by red and black runners we see glass doorknobs and steam radiators, ventilating windows above each door and an old trunk at the end of the hall. Luckily wall-to-wall carpeting has not spoiled the view of gorgeous pine floors. The old wooden telephone booth has not been replaced either. It still handles calls. In fact, we overheard a rollicking conversation just while touring the upstairs. An empty wooden hat rack beside the phone booth reminds people they are in the 70's when men sport innovator cuts untouched by straw or gray felt hats.



Over 110 years old this elaborate pump organ graces the Talisi's downstairs lobby.

The off-white walls have recently had a fresh coat of paint. The entire hotel looks clean and well-kept, not dishevelled and neglected as we had thought it might.



The restaurant's reputation has made it so successful that new dining space is being added.

Back downstairs the ceiling fan is frozen waiting for hot summer days so it can be useful again. Even the air conditioning cannot compete with the charm and hum of an old ceiling fan for true Southerners.

A couple of elderly gray-haired gentlemen getting about with canes are lulling in the unharried air of the downstairs lobby.

"Honeymooners? Oh, yeah, now and then. Now and then they come in," says Mr. Chambliss. A black kitchen helper brings him a cigar box full of money and the old gentleman excuses himself to the restaurant to see about it. Mr. Chambliss' brother-in-law and town chiropractor Tom Patterson and Tom's wife Clyde have owned the Talisi since 1963 and run both hotel and restaurant.

"We've had the hotel 14 years. The lady that sold it to us told us the price and my wife said, 'The building's worth that,' so we bought it. We started working with it and it started to grow," Mr. Patterson says modestly.

"Before we bought the hotel, my wife had never cooked. Now she's in charge of all our cooks. She buys all the food," said Patterson. "We've had the restaurant seven years."

Most of the cooks who prepare the daily extravaganzas live in nearby Shorter, Ruby Kitt, Linda Gail Thomas, and Mary White among them. "We just have different ones," said Clyde, a handsome middle-aged lady with snow-white hair. Her patient brown eyes smile graciously as she converses. People come

from miles around to eat the delicious food her cooks prepare. Why?

"Well, they tell us it's homecooking, food like their Grandma used to make," she says. People come from Montgomery. Auburn students drive over through Notasulga and Carrville, and people with cabins on the backwaters of Lake Martin and Lake Jordan fill the Talisi's dining room to overflowing.

Alabama Congressman Bill Dickinson, former Governor Big Jim Folsom and a number of Montgomery mayors are just a few of many visitors. There is a banquet room used for Rotary and Lions Club events. The Ministerial Alliance arranges meetings there and, as Clyde says, "We have lots of parties, around Christmas time and throughout the year — Auburn parties, church parties." Like a gracious host the Hotel Talisi still lives up to its reputation of entertaining guests.

Mrs. Patterson (nee Clyde O'Neal and owner of a Talladega clothing store) gathers her payroll ledger and leaves with a black worker from Wetumpka who has come to work on the new dining room. Renovations are under way to double the 72 person capacity of the main dining room.

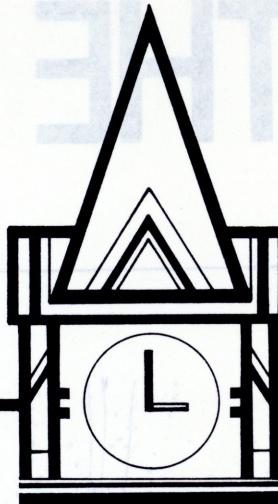
Whatever the secret, the food appeals to many, including many Auburn students who secretly prefer good Southern dishes to pre-fab sandwiches and vending machine fare.

Red bricks, narrow streets, a friendly drugstore where we buy strawberry milkshakes, and the gutted remains of the Roxy Theater (that stands just as it was left after it burned in 1941) set the scene in the midst of which the Talisi goes on happily about its business. Not far away the Tallapoosa sings an old river song and Hiltons go up in Huntsville.

LONELINESS IN FLORIDA

lying
on the pier
watching
the lobster
watching
me where
are
you

—S. Harrison



Gee . . . I Never Thought About It!

STUDENTS SPEAK

Quotes from Auburn University students asked the question, "Why are you here?"

—I wanted to go to school close to home . . .

—I wanted to go far away from home (given by a girl from Opelika) . . .

—It was the least expensive school in the state where I could get a quality education . . .

—For the pretty women . . .

—For the guys . . .

—Parents are overseas and Alabama is my home state . . .

—Because of the warm climate (given by a Michigan student several days after the snow) . . .

—I had a partial scholarship and my boss instilled in me that it was the only place I could go . . .

—My husband came here . . .

—My parents said I had to go to college for two years and I liked Auburn best of the choices given . . .

—The University of Alabama was cruddy . . .

—Auburn just reached out and grabbed me . . .

Compiled by Debbie Bishop

THE FRIENDS OF

By Mark Winne



"Perhaps the most shocking statistic of all is that the state provides only \$1.25 per day to feed each of its prisoners in county jails."

DONELINESSES IN FLORIDA

Illustration by Debbie Gehlhaus

LEE COUNTY JAIL

It was a cold, gray, rainy day when I rode to the Lee County Jail. We passed run-down buildings along the way, and the jail didn't provide much of a change. It was run-down, and if the temperature wasn't cold when I got there, to some people the atmosphere might seem to be. Maybe it should be; a jail sentence isn't meant to be a vacation. Still, the temperature gets cold, too; or so a couple of inmates told me. They said that about four or five feet from a windowpane stuffed with newspapers they had to sleep with one blanket apiece. One told me that he couldn't wear his coveralls to sleep because they irritated his skin in places. Naturally, prisoners aren't eager to sing praises to their jail, but Lee County Jail, like most other penal institutions, has little to sing about. The problems of prisons in general are complicated in Lee County by too many prisoners and too little money. However, one group, the Friends of the Lee County Jail (FLCJ), with books, food, and personal concern, is attempting to effect change by direct action.

Maybe I went into the jail with a vague notion of hardened criminals reaching at me through the bars. For some reason, I feared they would resent my questions. I don't know if I really was in bodily danger, but I was wrong about the inmates resisting my questions.

A few were excited because they mistakenly thought that I could get them into the local newspaper. But what struck me most was the number who welcomed the chance just to communicate with someone from the outside, and I began to get an idea of how they value the visits of the Friends of the Lee County Jail.

"Naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me... And the King shall answer... Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of my brethren, ye have done it unto me," Jesus tells us in chapter 25 of the book of Matthew, and therein lies the philosophy behind the FLCJ, according to its coordinator, the Rev. Rod Sinclair.

The Auburn and Opelika ministerial associations had been visiting local jails for about two years when, according to Sinclair, they recognized a need for lay people to be involved. Sinclair and Sister Eileen Barling met with Judge G. H. (Spud) Wright, who sent a letter to prominent local citizens. From a subsequent meeting, the Friends of the Lee County Jail, two years old last February, was born.

The Rev. Sinclair, an Episcopal priest with a penchant for taking up causes, sees some of the inmates as being "like you and me and the circumstances of the moment tempted them to do something unlawful." He spoke of people jailed because of forgery, false pretenses, and similar charges. But he added, "There is another element over there with more violence attached to their crimes.

"I just don't understand them."

The FLCJ has an active membership of about 25, with a mailing list of about 100 that includes various civic leaders. At the county jail its members provide books, letter-writing materials, and stamps to prisoners. Until funds ran low they provided milk once a week to the inmates—usually the only milk the inmates got. In a one-to-one visitation program, an FLCJ volunteer and a prisoner meet together weekly. FLCJ members perform personal favors, such as contacting people on the outside or in some cases arranging for legal aid. Lobbying for prison reform may be a future activity. In at least one instance, members have appeared before the Board of Pardons and Paroles in Montgomery on behalf of an inmate. And perhaps most importantly, they are visitors, a break in the monotony of prison life.

"Everybody looks forward to Thursday," a trusty said. Thursday is the day that the FLCJ comes to the jail. He explained that, if for some reason the group isn't allowed to visit, a "bad attitude" follows in the cells.

"It's the best thing this jail has seen," said one inmate.

Another man said, "It keeps down a lot of disturbance among the prisoners."

His cellmate added, "They're not just up here to browbeat you about religion."

"As far as I'm concerned, they do a whole lot," said another.

The praise, like prisoner criticism of jail conditions, went on and on.

The inmates seem particularly appreciative of books and magazines provided by FLCJ. Books are kept in a small room near the cell area, and each Thursday a volunteer wheels a cartload from cell to cell for prisoners to choose. As fresh books are needed, Morgan's Coin Shop trades some of its stock of used books for the FLCJ books.

The day I was there, when the book volunteer came around to the cell where I was, the three teenagers imprisoned there showed an unusual interest in books, an interest probably lacking before they were jailed. One youth eagerly pointed out two books (one of which looked like a Bible) which he had gotten from FLCJ. The second prisoner is from the West Coast, and he has few visitors other than the FLCJ members. The third cellmate is a 15-year-old, who I was told had been jailed for eight months without yet coming to trial.

One prisoner expressed special thanks for the FLCJ's reading material, saying that the county doesn't provide items such as books and magazines. If not for FLCJ, he said, "We wouldn't get nothin'."

That fact isn't surprising in light of the financial situation at the jail.

According to Sheriff Jim Pearson with whom I talked, about a year ago a Federal Court decreed that the Alabama State Prison System is not to accept any more prisoners until certain conditions in state prisons are improved. So, prisoners remain at the local level.

The Lee County Jail has a capacity of 62. Sheriff Pearson estimated that 45-50 state prisoners were in the Lee County Jail and in space borrowed from the Opelika City Jail (where FLCJ has recently begun visiting state prisoners).

The 37th Circuit Court is in session in Lee County every four months and Sheriff Pearson estimates that after each session about 20 additional state prisoners come to the Lee County Jail. Overcrowding results.

The county is responsible for the clothing, housing, and medical care of its prisoners. Yet, Sheriff Pearson said that the county had not received reimbursement for any of those services to state convicts. He estimated that even the two million dollars that Gov. Wallace has said will be earmarked to reimburse counties for costs will be only "around 80 percent of what they owe."

Perhaps the most shocking statistic of all is that the state provides only \$1.25 per day to feed each of its prisoners in county jails. Besides the milk that the FLCJ used to bring, Sheriff Pearson said that they periodically contributed fruit, too. But obviously one meal's worth of milk a week and some fruit occasionally doesn't do too much to stretch that meager \$1.25 a day. To supplement that, the jail, with some prisoner labor, maintains a garden. Sheriff Pearson said that two years ago the garden yielded 8,000 ears of corn, over a hundred bushels of tomatoes, and 700 gallons of other vegetables. The garden didn't fare too well this past year, however.

"We try to give them what we can, and I don't see too much problem," said Sheriff Pearson, who doesn't impress one as being overly indulgent with the prisoners whom he oversees from his office on the first floor of the courthouse. Still he doesn't impress one as being at the other extreme either.

"I like Sheriff Pearson," said a former prisoner. "He tries pretty hard for what he can get. He just can't get that much; the state just won't let him have it," and Sheriff Pearson seems to like the FLCJ, calling the members a "tremendous help."

"They counsel with people when it seems like we can't reach 'em," he said. He sees the one-to-one visitation as a big morale booster, particularly since some prisoners get no other visitors.

The Rev. Sinclair emphasized that the Friends work collaboratively with the sheriff.

One of the most interesting and possibly most potent programs of the

FLCJ is their one-to-one visitation program. The program is too young to make large-scale assessments; not enough of the participants have been released to do so. Still, some of the advantages are apparent.

An FLCJ volunteer who has participated in the one-to-one program with three inmates has noted progress in each of the men she has dealt with. She said that the inmates might talk about how they're coping, or what they're doing to make time pass. "They would talk about guilt . . . an awful lot on how guilty and how sorry . . ."

She said that the inmates talk about family often, adding that the income of families on the outside can be a "very real worry."

People have argued for years as to whether our penal institutions are for punishment, rehabilitation, the protection of society, or any combination thereof. Whichever of these views one holds, the true value of groups such as the FLCJ cannot be appraised until the long-range effects of its action are realized.

While all of its alumni may not have done well, one graduate of the FLCJ one-to-one visitation program has become a shining success, sounding almost like the ideal ex-convict.

Sam (not his real name) received a three-year sentence for forgery. He served a year, about half of that at the Lee County Jail. He received a two-thirds reduction of sentence in return for good behavior under the incentive/good-time program. Sam says that he was going to trade school on the G.I. Bill and his check was late. Then, according to his story, he forged a check, intending to pick it up before a warrant was put out on him. Obviously he wasn't successful.

"At the time I was locked up I was very rebellious," said Sam.

While in the Lee County Jail, he began meeting with a volunteer from the FLCJ. "She was always there, she'd come every week."

The group's interest, he says, "makes you see things in a different perspective. A lot of the ideas that I was holding at the time have been changed."

Sam also said that the FLCJ aided in kindling a desire for education. They

brought him books relating to the field he's now studying as a college student majoring in psychology and minoring in sociology.

Sam said that as an ex-convict he had difficulty getting a job, but the FLCJ got him the "best-paying job I've ever had in my life."

Sam is now a member of the FLCJ, and it is significant to him that Sheriff Pearson trusts him enough to allow him to visit the jail with the organization.

When I spoke to him, Sam's G.I. bill check was late again. This time, he said, he wouldn't forge a check.



SLIPPING

—Debra Huntley

REGRETS

Their footsteps drift like starfall across my sleep,
silent and unpredictable.
They stay, like bottled stars,
lighting an otherwise sweet and peaceful night.

I have not called or conjured, my dear.
I have done nothing at all:
I failed to smile upon one who loved me once,
and failed to weep at a soldier's leaving,
and saw Hope come into the city with doves in her arms
in the midst of a plague, and told no one.

—Helen Speaks

DECEMBER 5, 1976

The afternoon you took me swimming
no cloud marred the lake surface, but
dark pines stretched across the blue mirror.
Appleshowering dogwoods, jack-o'-lantern oaks,
pale sunlit ginkos glittered there. You
could not float; I longed to float forever
and started, but cold crawled into my bones
like a shadow, creeping through the shiny blue,
maneuvering like some malevolent eel
striking, stinging. I sank numb.

—Jan Cooper

THE MARSHAL

Los Angeles

I will not tell you one damn thing about
The fights, the blood, my brothers or the times
That bring so many here to pan and sift
For one remembered incident to bloat
Into a lie for those who have a dime.
So get. Leave me alone to sit and squint
Into the streets now thickened with the cars.
For I am cold — and it is hard to split
What I have done from what I've only dreamed.
You writing men have cheated me my due.
I will not talk. I did not get a cent
From Burns, or others who in lying tried
To lie too little, did not lie enough.
And Hart begrudges me the screen because
In jealousy his faint pretending shows
Resemblance to no feats of mine. You see
A blanket covers now what once the stars,
The prairie clouds, and leather saddle held
As marshal, man and law. But now I cough
Like Doc, and talk of legend wearies me.
Why don't you write of that young Swede who flew
Across the ocean by himself, or Ruth,
Or Thorpe. An age of heroes in the east
By far outglitters anything in mine—
But only for the damned and coward press,
The radio, and all invention which
Deprives me of my rightful place and claim.
That glass of water there—and you can leave.

I will say though that down the transit sight
I've seen a shaggy mass of buffalo
Convert the grassy plains into a swell
Of bobbing stock that fled before the eye
Until the sunset froze against the peaks.
About the campfire near the ridge I've heard
The threatening drum, and seen the sunrise bud
Behind a line of pony-mounted Sioux.
One night in Wichita I saw the street
So puddled up with . . . well, overtalk.
Except to say that if you want my mind,
Life in a single moment catches fires,
Removes the dross and nuggets into fine:
For some, the first awakening of love
Or death, for some, a powdery corral.
Your silly look betrays you know the rest.
They even say I threw the Sharkey fight
To make my wagers safe. What if I did?
This hotel room is just a trifle cold;
So close the door, but let me prophesy,
Before you go, the day is bound to come
My name will be on every boy's breath.
I want to sleep. You go ahead and write
Whatever you should please that spares the truth.
But do not say that now and then I think
Of Morgan stroking with his cue and wish
That I could die without the shame of peace.

—R. K. Giles

1st place poetry winner, Sigma Tau Delta Creative Writing Contest

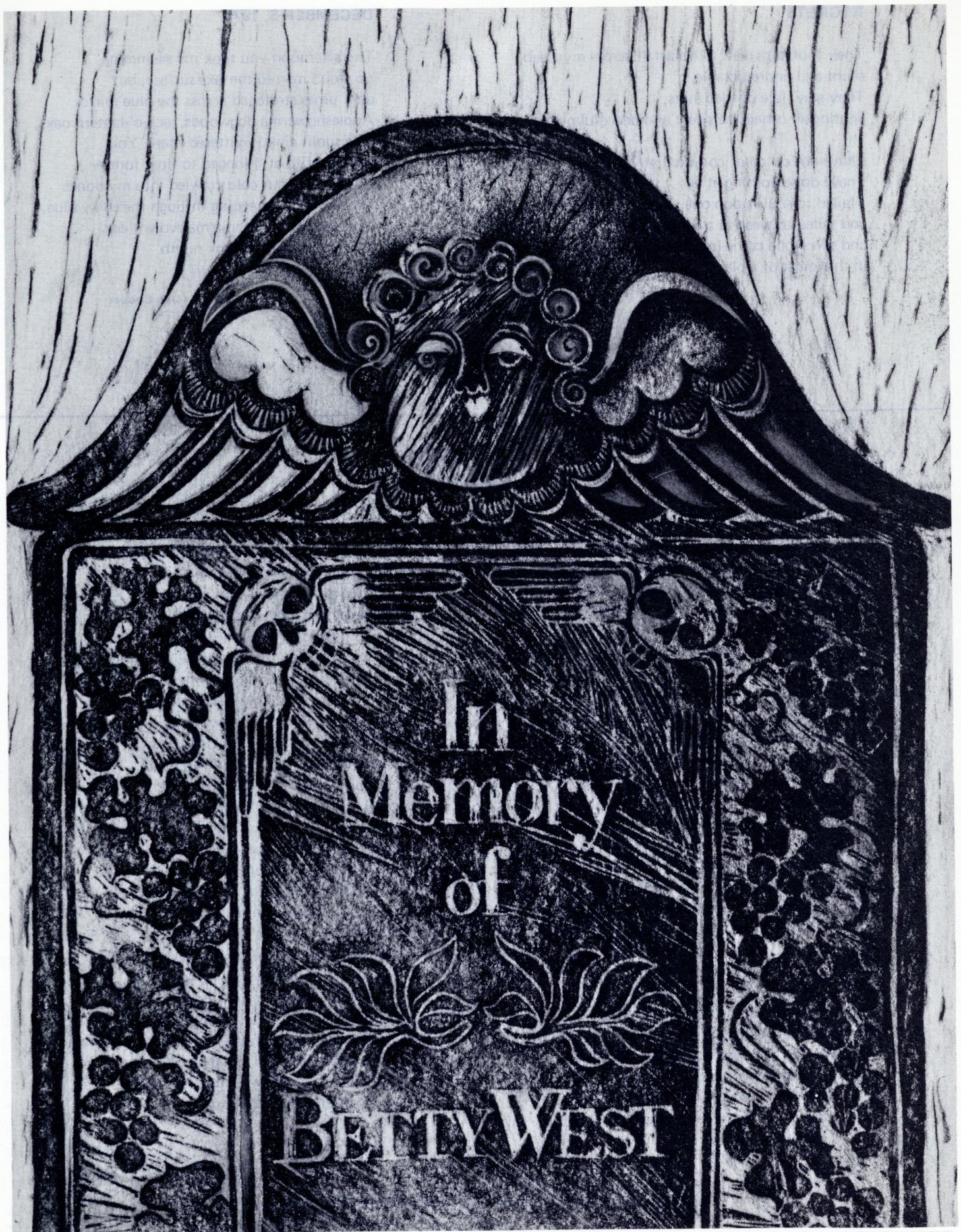


Illustration by Diana Smith

THE RESURRECTION

FICTION

By James Meredith

*2nd place fiction winner,
Sigma Tau Delta Creative Writing Contest*

Bam. Bam. That must be Frank. He always throws two pebbles at the window. He never comes to the door. Aunt Wilma was stirring her tea in the kitchen. I smelt old grapes. She said that I am not old enough to drink her tea. Why can't I drink her tea? I drink coffee. Aunt Wilma said that I shouldn't smoke. I turned off the TV. A white dot was on the front. I liked that cartoon about moving rock. Moving rocks. Bam. Bam. Frank threw two more pebbles. Dino was barking at the end of his chain. Frank was smoking. Frank smiled. Frank said that we were going to the waterfall. He walked toward the street. It was cold. Everything was grey and white.

Have you lost your nerve? Frank spat. The snow burned my pink cheeks like alcohol on a rash. Have you lost your nerve? My fingers were numb. Frank kicked the dwarf snowman. He looked like Fred Flintstone, freshly shaven. We crossed the sparkling street. A car with a white tail crawled by.

I looked at Frank. He has changed. We used to have fun in my backyard. Until I saw him cry. He spat in my face. I threw a rock at him. It missed. I didn't want to hit him. I wished that he hadn't spat in my face then. He has changed. Why does Frank hate me? I never spat in his face.

My fingers were getting numb. My guts burned. The cold baked potato I ate for lunch squatted in my stomach. It tasted like sugared mud. I washed it down with black coffee and a cigarette. Frank forced me to smoke. He said that he would spit in my face if I didn't. Frank likes to spit. Frank hates me.

We passed the big field. Stained white rocks stuck up from the ground. Ice hung down from the black iron bars. I've been in there once. Aunt Wilma goes there every Sunday, sometimes with mums. I remember when the cars were lined up the road, like marching ants. Flowers dripped from the door. The house was silent. People stood herded into smoky

rooms. Dad had on his blue serge suit. He wore it to Nanny's party last year. Nanny was old. Aunt Wilma stumbled to me. She hugged me, pushed me into the laundry room, and hugged me again. She cried. I smelt old grapes. Aunt Wilma said, "She's gone." A pale man walked in the back door. He wore a black suit. His carnation flopped as he walked. It was brown on the end. His hands were iced. He said, "I'm here for your comfort." He scared me. I didn't understand. I cried.

Aunt Wilma staggered into the bathroom. She cried. The pale man stared down at me. I cried again. He hugged me. He was cold. He had scales on his face like fish. He smelt like fish. His eyes bulged. I ran from him. Aunt Wilma grabbed me. I smelt more old grapes. Her eyes bulged. I ran. I cried. I didn't understand. A blue serge suit stood in front of me. He looked like Barney. I cried. Why do I remember that?

The snow blinded me. The wind made me shiver. My face was sprinkled with needles. My fingers were swollen. They looked like wieners. My stomach burned. Frank was silent. Why was Frank silent? He always quits talking to me. Why does Frank hate me? I never spat in his face. Have you lost your nerve?

We walked toward the woods. We were heading for the waterfall. Last year I jumped off the rocks. I missed the water. I broke my arm. Frank was there. He laughed. I cried. The bone stuck out of the wide hole. It bled dark red. The meat was ripped apart. I cried. Frank laughed. Aunt Wilma said I almost lost my arm. I didn't understand. The hole left a zipper. It looked like a snake. Where do snakes go when it is cold?

The pond was hard. Frank walked over the ice. I followed. The ice cracked. My foot slipped. Frank laughed. The water was cold. I looked for fish. Where do fish go when it is cold? Frank said the waterfall had stopped. I didn't understand. Where does the water go when it is cold? I lit a cigarette. I used five matches. It tasted like coffee grounds. I threw the butt to the ground. It sizzled in the snow. I staggered after Frank. My foot hurt.

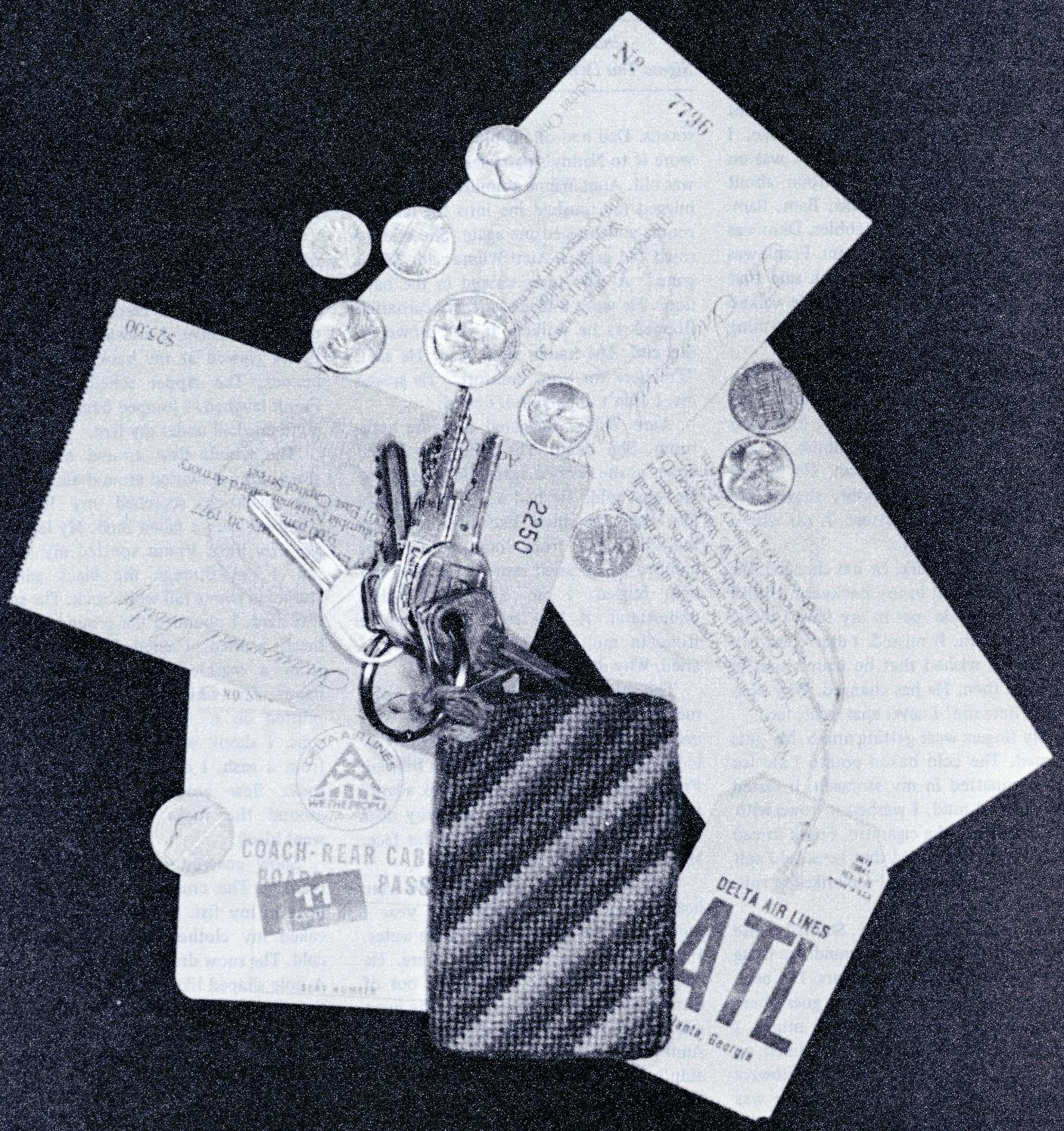
We climbed the rocks. The rocks were quiet. The potato ran up my stomach. The waterfall looked cold. Ice hung down like vampire teeth. Have you lost your nerve? My nerve. I crawled to the edge. Frank clawed at my back. My stomach heaved. The zipper ached. My nerve. Frank laughed. I jumped back. I ran. The pond cracked under my feet.

The woods flew around me. White, green, brown swirled around and around. The iced air scorched my lungs. I stumbled over a fallen limb. My leg hurt. My arm hurt. Vomit spotted my legs. I ran. I ran through the black gate. I stumbled over a tall white rock. The snow was hard. I pounded the ground with my head. I cried. I cried. Withered mums from a marble vase crumbled in my hands. The white rock had Betty West printed on it. I could not control my sobs. I shook with grief. My head bled from a gash. I cried. I cried. The white rocks flew around me. Around and around the rocks swirled. Everything went black.

Snow covered my stiff body like a blanket. The crumbled mums were still bent in my fist. Dried blood and vomit caked my clothes. I shivered from the cold. The snow dropped off as I stood up. A hole shaped like a body was printed in the snow. With the mums still in my hands, I walked through the white rocks. Frank stood at the iron gate. I walked by. Have you lost your nerve?



REPORT TO THE PUBLIC:



Experiences at the Inauguration of the 39th President of the United States

By Gwen Reid

A reasonable individual might wonder why a person of apparent sanity such as I might be interested in going to an inaugural that everyone knew in advance would be crowded, cold, and inelegant. It wasn't to be the exclusive and expensive gatherings of past presidents—after all, I was invited. I mean I voted for Jimmy willingly enough but it wasn't my devotion to him that took me to Washington in the worst winter in 100 years. It was what must have attracted the great bulk of those who came—a desire for power by association—akin to guilt by association—a feeling of being in on something central to American life. It is all illusion, of course, but not an unpleasant one as illusions go. So in pursuit of borrowed social power I went to Washington. And now that I have revealed my motivation as less than noble, let me report my experiences.

All starts well enough, if you call flying on a nearly unheated eight passenger plane to Atlanta well enough. I just keep my eyes closed and my hands in my pockets and pray that if I have to go in an airplane crash, it won't happen until the trip back home. Once in the Atlanta airport the spirit of the upcoming event is revealed to me in the excited faces and conversations of the many others going to Washington. "I am a celebrity" shouts an over-50 gray-haired woman to another passenger across the waiting room. "I am from Plains, Georgia. Why, I knew Rosalynn when she was knee-high to a grasshopper's eye... we are kin, as my cousin is a cousin of a cousin by marriage to the new First Lady." More power by association.

The plane is ready for boarding. I find myself seated beside an engineer from Jackson, Mississippi, on his way to D.C. to attend a conference. We share a few

banalities . . . "Where are you from? I am from . . . You mean you really voted for him . . . You mean you really didn't . . ." I traveled the JFK, LBJ, GMcG, Carter political route while he followed a different road, Goldwater, Nixon, Ford. In the course of the conversation I learned that he had a keen sensitivity to political reality and precisely-developed recommendations related to foreign policy . . . John Wayne for Secretary of State; should have bombed North Vietnam into oblivion; should arm Taiwan for an invasion of China and so on. It is amazing to consider that this man, an engineer used to precision of calculation in his trade, so easily and passionately makes such crude calculations in political matters. Republicanism of this sort is probably a disease though . . . I guess he can't help it, a nice man in other respects.

At last, D.C. and a brief glimpse of snow-laden countryside. Upon landing I discover that the beautiful white stuff is actually three inches of solid ice. I find a cab willing to go into southwest D.C. (all the streets are blocked because it is Inaugural Day). I realize half way into D.C. that I have only \$5.00 in cash and the meter is already registering \$3.90. My accent becomes thick and my eyes full of innocence as I offer to walk the rest of the way. But, it is a day of celebration and my driver will hear of no such thing. He simply turns off the meter and drives me to the doorstep.

Then I see my first true friend, a Carter delegate from Ohio. It is a joyous reunion as we chat and catch up with each other, discuss the inaugural, see the tail-end of the parade on T.V., and watch out the window as the U.S. Army helicopter with former President Ford aboard circles D.C. We try to imagine his personal thoughts. My friend and I live

700 miles apart yet we are growing in like directions. For the first time since we were 16 years old we have rediscovered make-up. We examine each other's artificial enhancements as we stand giggling like two teen-agers before the bathroom mirror. We apply eye shadow and eyeliner to our over-thirty eyes . . . we are the daughters of our mothers once again and no longer mothers of our own.

Coats, hats, gloves, scarves, fur-lined boots and we are off to Capitol Hill. It is a four block hike in sub-freezing temperature. Smiles and tear-stained faces pass us on our way, and every other person sports a large Carter button colored in green and white with big black letters spelling out PEANUT BRIGADE. The town is alive with Georgians. We smile in return and chat with the passing crowds yelling out our points of origin hoping to discover a fellow Ohioan or Alabamian. The mood is one of exhilaration, almost like a Saturday afternoon football game when Auburn has just defeated Alabama. I half expect to see that the Capitol grounds have been rolled.

Our destination is the Longworth Building, as we have word that each Congressman is having an open house in his respective office . . . free food and free booze. We walk the long corridors reading the names on the doors in search of at least one name from our own states. But each time we think we have found the right place, the party is over and only the remains are in evidence: cardboard boxes stacked outside the door, office staff looking as if they have been run over, not one scrap of food or drink left except a solitary bowl of (what else) peanuts. We collapse from exhaustion and starvation but manage the energy to finagle a Senate pass out of one of

Senator John Glenn's secretaries who is willing to do anything to get rid of us.

We race to the underground subway for a quick trip over to the Senate gallery. It takes about 15 minutes to pass through ten security guards who check our pocketbooks, our coats, and our bodies for hidden instruments of violence. We are told to be absolutely silent while we are seated in the gallery so as not to disturb the all-powerful seated below. We watch with great anticipation but only see a few familiar faces who look rather disgusted that more members are not present for the final confirmation of the Carter cabinet. After 15 minutes we've had enough and we leave the great hall to eat and dress for the Inaugural party.

Finally, it is 9:00 p.m. and time to begin the last part of the day's activities. We can only hope that a taxi will arrive to take us to the National Armory where one of the five Inaugural parties is being held. We wait and we wait and by 10:00 decide to negotiate a ride with a passing cab near our apartment complex. I am colder than I have ever been, and not dressed for it (my t-strap silver lame sandals were not designed for ice walking). I wave, shout, do everything except stand on my head and whistle Dixie in an attempt to flag the passing cabs. Unfortunately, most of them are filled with passengers. So, much to the dismay of my friend, I walk out into the middle of the street and stop the next cab going in the right direction and explain our difficulties. The driver manages to squeeze us into the front and back seats and takes off. After a frenzied ride through congested streets (our driver would make the New York City cabbies look like little old ladies driving Model-T's) we arrive at the Armory. We cross an ice-covered field as wide as the Jordan-Hare stadium as carefully as if it were a mine field, only to find a Boy Scout helping ladies step off the curb and onto the cleared area in front of the Armory. Where was he when we needed him in the middle of that frozen desert? We present our tickets to the guard, check our coats and sigh a breath of relief as we realize that we have finally arrived.

The ballroom is completely jammed with 15,000 people. My friend and I maneuver ourselves to the nearest bar only to discover that champagne in

plastic cups is \$2.00... We decide to drink cokes out of the nearest coke machine for 25 cents... What is our \$25.00 ticket paying for anyway? This is power by association? What I came 600 miles to experience? As we circumnavigate the entire ballroom we quickly come to the conclusion that there is not one person in this crowd who is familiar. Before we know it, we are swept into a pushing, shoving, elbowing mass all trying to make their way to the front line to await the arrival of the President. A passageway is cordoned off to allow the President free access to the stage. My friend and I end up on the opposite sides of the passage—she is on the front row and I am three people back. We are packed like sardines and we stand eyeball to eyeball for 50 minutes, waiting. Anticipation turns to suffocation as the crowd turns restless. Military aides try to keep order but we are all tired and hot... a real lady would have fainted. Finally the entourage arrives and we see a few famous faces pass by—the White House Press Corps draws a round of applause—Sam Donaldson is the star crowd pleaser, and Andy Young draws a few whistles from women like me. The President starts his long walk down the passage, and shakes hands with almost everyone on the front row. I hear him call out first names to several people in the crowd, "Hello, Tom! Hi, Max!" I wonder if he really knows them or is calling out names at random for effect... As he nears my area, I realize that he is very short, not nearly the giant that we visualize our leaders to be. I can only wave both arms in the air and stretch as far as I can in hopes of touching The Man. I feel like a teenybopper at a rock concert. Too late. He has moved on to the next group. My friend in the front row across the way glows with power by association as he shakes her hand and utters a presidential word or two. The new President and his First Lady dance for all to see (I wonder if ambition drives out love). Before I know it he is whisked out the back way to make the rounds of still other parties. I glance at my watch and discover that exactly 20 minutes have lapsed between the time of his entry and departure.

Soon we slip out ourselves and try to go to another ball at the Park-Sheraton

Hotel that's supposed to be a real swinger. By the time we overcome the conspiracy of buses and cabs (all members of the anti-destination league), we are too late—everyone has gone now except the most deluded and they are always the biggest bores. We do go to a party thrown by some Ohio bigwigs—looks like the Mafia to me. All these years the Justice Department has looked for the Mafia and has never found it, and here I have stumbled across the whole group assembled in one room. This is real power by association. In fact too much of this nearness to power makes me edgy—sort of like going out to dinner with Henry Kissinger. It's safer to associate with power at a distance. After fighting our way through some gentlemen apparently intent on picking us up we go home to sleep and glory in our associations.

LOOKING PAST BARBS

I've looked on a field
Through barbed wire and flowers,
And wanted to slip in,
And tested a barb with my cheek
To see if it was real...
And it was.

I tried to go'round
Following a path,
But the wood grew thick
And the path gave way
To weeds and clinging raspberries,
Raspberries which tore my legs,
And left some thorns.

Turning back,
Giving up, given out;
I hoped to see the field again
But was lost at the sight of a butterfly
Fighting the wind, going sideways.

I think...
If I stand just right,
And squint my eyes,
I won't see the barbs,
Just the butterfly, the field, the flowers...

—D. G. Sproul

Heartbreak Hotel

A Book Review By Diane Kendall

Heartbreak Hotel by Auburn University alumna Anne Rivers Siddons recaptures a decisive summer for a university student caught in the turbulence of the Civil Rights movement. Maggie Deloach, a prototype of many Auburn women today, is a senior at "Randolph University," pinned to Boots, a rich and popular fraternity man. She is actively involved in her own sorority and campus activities, and destined to become mistress to a large Southern estate upon graduation. Suddenly, she is faced with reevaluating her life in terms of a black social rising.

Maggie's decision to follow her own conscience results in her loss of Boots as well as friends and faculty members who had supported her promising academic career. She quickly discovers that as an individual with a protesting voice she will find herself "down at the end of Lonely Street at Heartbreak Hotel," as the lyrics to the popular Elvis Presley song suggest.

"Randolph University" is clearly patterned after the Auburn campus. Randolph itself is little more than a college town, with university buildings blending with and obscuring the four blocks of business district. If not for a "rather grandiose" main gate across from "Mooney's Drugstore," it would be difficult to tell just where "town left off and school began."

The town provided only for students, and townspeople drove twelve miles east to the "larger, uglier, and far more efficient Opelika" for their needs. Farther east were Phenix City, Alabama, and Columbus, Georgia, where students might venture into the forbidden world of strip-joints and all-night bars. Most entertainment was contained on-campus, however, mainly in the festivities of the Greek organizations that dominated social life at Randolph.

The strength of the novel is the use of the details that create a realistic university setting and ironically point to the community's superficiality. Siddons' descriptions of "ersatz Georgian brick buildings and rows of sprawling fraternity houses," of the Women's Quadrangle, and of the new union building where "the unchosen, the never to be chosen, sat . . . heads buried in books and newspapers," are still hauntingly familiar. Her characterization of Randolph's "good, but not frightening academic standing," and the "good, but not outré English department," may be also uncomfortably true-to-life.

Although Maggie opposes the ivory tower elitism of the university and the rigid conformity of the Greek system in her final decision to leave school, the author intends to do more than rest blame on the existing academic or social framework at Randolph. Siddons encourages participation, not exclusion, of the university student in the world outside the campus boundaries. The student must retain his or her own values rather than allow the larger institution to speak for him.

Siddons undercuts this need for self-assertion, however, by implying Maggie cannot exist as an independent at the university. Although Maggie has benefited in many ways from her years at the university in her work on the school paper, *The Senator*, and as president of the Women's Government Association, her only thoughts are of the hypocrisy of the Greek system and the prejudices of certain faculty and administration members. Her final decision to join a liberal-minded friend in New York City almost suggests a running away from a real confrontation.

Certainly there were other students at Randolph University at this critical time who agreed with Maggie's objections, were sorry she hadn't stayed for her finals and that she couldn't see that it's often harder to stay and change the system from within. Siddons has rejected this alternative, however, and by doing so suggests the non-conformist must create his own world rather than exist as an independent in the real one. Maggie thereby loses all the benefits of a university education, especially the knowledge and perceptions of those other than herself.

KOAN

Looking neither right nor left
She passed me
On the sidewalk
And I followed
Her perfumed trail
In the other direction.

—A. J. Wright

Transition

Summer had fluctuated between damp drizzles and parched heat. The afternoon cooled, sympathetic to the unnecessary length of the season in midterm. Relieved of their function, fans ceased rotation, as air circulated through open windows and doors under its own current.

Darkening masses shadowed the source of heat as the wind increased its breath, pushing against a pulsating earth. In the dying moments of an afternoon the wind's crescendoing activity shaped and reshaped pictures of variegated colors. On the rustic wire line, garments turned and intertwined with one another in kaleidoscopic sequence.

From the house a woman hurried to snatch the changing forms from their fearless masquerade. As the screen door slammed hollow against the framework, a young child's wail rose back into the rising wind. Resolute, the mother began to tear the paint from its canvas. In confusion the clothes wrapped around her fading form in surrealistic fashion before she could force them into the wicker basket.

Later that night she would read the letter again, trying to trace the obscure meaning of words. Clutching her frayed sweater she would bend closer to the candlelight, so as not to disturb the child's sleep. With soft breath she would wonder at the passion it created within her, but left her void.

The rain had fallen lightly in the afternoon erasing the danger of an approaching storm. Cleansed of the heat, the eve subdued its continual noise. Actually it had rained for days, but it was all over so quickly.

Janice Bickham

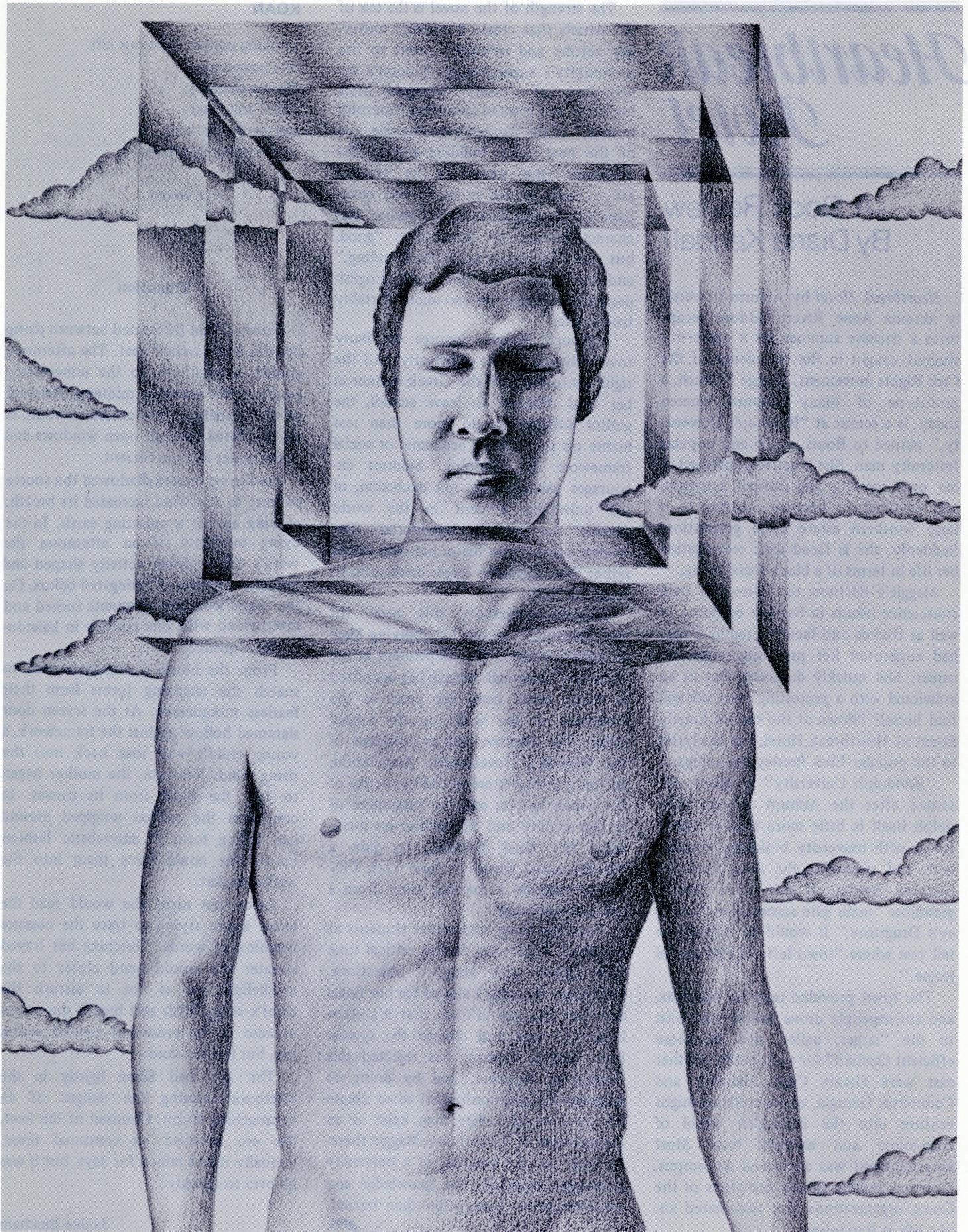


Illustration by Joe Rogers

This Is The Way It Goes, That's The Way It Went:

THE REHABILITATION OF NIKOL STONECYPHER

FICTION By Bill Confer

This story is strictly fiction and any resemblances to characters or situations portrayed herein is coincidental.

Nikol is very happy. He used not to be, but that was before his big discoveries. You see, Nikol used to worry that if he fell asleep he might not have the will to ever wake up again. Now he is able to stay awake forever. One big discovery was that every time he opened his eyes he was awake and every time he closed them he was anywhere he wanted to be! So Nikol never had to sleep anymore, all he had to do was close his eyes and he'd be somewhere else. Sometimes he wouldn't pick where he'd go. He would surprise himself. Nikol liked surprises.

He could do other really marvelous things, too. For example, he could change himself into anything he wanted. A few weeks ago spit hit a man directly in front of Nikol. The man turned to swing at Nikol so he changed himself into a cloud. The punch went right through him. He didn't feel a thing.

This took place in the JFK International Airport, which is one of the oldest airports in America. The man was confirming his son's plane ticket. His son was dressed up in one of those very starchy military uniforms that deprive one of the use of the neck. The child was very young and he had to get back to school. His father had on Madras pants

and shoes so shiny that Nikol could see his face in them. Nikol was very happy that errant spit slapped the man because he never liked Madras pants.

Nikol was born August 18, 1945 as Nicholas Phyris Stonecypher. That was some 29 years ago. In those 29 years he had had two dogs, a turtle, and a cat. He played Grey-Y football in the seventh grade, read everything Steinbeck had written by the time he entered college, and got a Ph.D. in meteorology. He had been a weathercaster on a local TV station for two of those years, and he got fired for something he said on the air. He also had a wife at times. Once she said she loved him very much. Nikol came to love this woman very much. He came to know her and he loved her. Some say that it was when she died that he became sick in the head.

She died about two weeks before he made his big discoveries. He had been very unhappy for two weeks. She and their child had died in childbirth. When Nikol was very young his father had told him that when God made Nikol he broke the mold. Nikol guessed his father was right. God is always right, of course.

2

Nikol resides in a state psychiatric hospital and he lives anywhere he wants when he closes his eyes.

Let's begin before now:

Nikol sat on a bus with his eyes closed. His shell parked there, that is; Nikol was vacationing in Pakistan. The tent lavished in its largeness and ornateness. Nikol

floated on an over-sized pillow and his host, a sheik of some sort, sat by his side. Fans cooled their brows. They had feasted on wild game and were now being entertained by several exquisitely exotic dancers. The dancers were dressed in wispy threads of diaphanous blue silk. Their movements were quite fluid and they were very pretty. The wail of an unknown Eastern instrument lulled Nikol as he watched the swirling blue and the smooth, soft flesh. His host winked and nudged him on the shoulder. Nikol leaned over toward him, expecting to be offered one of the dancing girls for the night. Instead, the sheik said, "Your package is taking up this seat here and it's the only one left on the bus." Nikol had surprised himself by transporting himself back to the bus. That was OK though, Nikol liked surprises. He had a lot to like for Nikol was surprised like this often.

A note appeared in his hand and he read the address of his psychiatrist who worked in the Lowentuck Building on Sourtek Avenue. "Lowentuck on Sourtek, Sourtek of Lowentuck," sang Nikol gaily. He scanned the bus as he sang, surprised that someone had swiveled the heads of the other passengers around in his direction. But he liked surprises.

Street signs passed the bus. Nikol felt surprised that Sourtek Avenue appeared at every intersection. He thought it insightful of the city planners to call every street by the same name so people wouldn't have to remember so many names. What Nikol didn't realize was that the supposed insights of the city planners would have vanished with one perpendicular look from Nikol.

He decided to pick one of the Sourteks at random and look for the Lowentuck Building. As it often happens, he got off the bus in front of the Lowentuck Building.

A First National Bank occupied the first floor of the building. Nikol felt pleased to enter the first bank and he marveled at how new they were able to keep it looking. He knew banks had been around for quite a while.

He ambled to a line, patiently awaited his turn, and finally asked the teller what room was Dr. Harkington's. She told him, of course.

Benjamin Harkington was very glad to see Nikol. He told him so. Nikol said he was very glad to see him, too. And he was, at that. You see, this wasn't the first time Nikol had seen Ben. He went there once a week. Nobody but Ben seemed to like to hear of Nikol's travels and Nikol liked to tell them. He made a point to keep his eyes open in Ben's office. Ben gave him little pills called Thorazine. Nikol didn't want to hurt Ben's feelings, but he never took the little pills. They made it difficult for Nikol to travel and to change himself into anything he wanted to at will. He always made a point to tell Ben he took his pills for this pleased Ben very much.

What Nikol did with the pills was to give them away to animals since he always liked animals. As a matter of fact Nikol knew of a cat who met him often to get a pill. When the cat ate the pill he would say "Purr!" The cat said "purr" a lot. His name was Samson.

Ben's office was large without being unnecessarily expansive. A picture of a man with his arm raised toward the sun hung on one wall and a very large parchment took up most of the other. On the parchment was the quotation: "Happiness is not a destination, but a way of going." Nikol agreed; he had discovered this when he invented traveling anywhere he wanted to by closing his eyes. On the floor rested an oriental rug. Nikol liked the office in general. He liked Ben.

One of the things Ben would do was ask Nikol what he was thinking about. One time Nikol told Ben he was puzzled as to why children who died before they were baptized could not see God. Nikol was puzzled by this because it made no sense. Nikol said he had heard a priest say

this and he was a representative of God and God was always right. Ben simply told him the priest was a human being, and Nikol was markedly relieved.

Another time Nikol told Ben of another discovery he had made. He had discovered that in addition to going anywhere he wanted to when he closed his eyes he could go different periods of time. A lot of people have tried to figure out how to go backwards and forwards in time and Nikol could do it simply by closing his eyes. Sometimes he would pick a period of time to go to and sometimes he would surprise himself.

3

So Nikol arrived at the hospital that held a bunch of other people like Nikol. The people who ran the hospital increased the dosage of the pills that Nikol didn't ever take. They said when he got better he could leave. Nikol hoped he would get better soon. He wondered, "Get better at what?"

Not long after Nikol entered the hospital he made another discovery. Sometimes when he closed his eyes he would not find himself in another country. He would not find himself in another time, per se. What he did find was that he would be playing a part in a movie that he had seen before.

Once Nikol found himself playing the part of Don Ameche in the 1939 version of *Alexander Graham Bell*. He was teaching a deaf girl how to talk by blowing air on some powder as he made the sounds so she could see how to make air pass through her vocal cords to come out words even though she couldn't hear them. He felt very philanthropic. Nikol thought it a very important discovery that one didn't need to hear to learn how to talk. He felt this important enough to write in the notes he kept from his trips.

While he taught the deaf girl how to talk he thought how nice it could be if two people could talk to each other even if they weren't in the same place. Nikol liked himself in a mustache.

4

"Never say anything to a doctor," said

a thin, grisly sort of man with hair like he plugged himself into a wall socket. He was speaking at Nikol, who was still groggy from the long trip back from the movie. "They don't know what the hell yer talking about!" The man was Hershal Fernando, a resident with Nikol at the hospital. Hershal often spoke to people who weren't in the least interested in what he was saying. Nikol, for one, really didn't know what the hell Hershal was talking about. He didn't know, but he tried to care; the result was that Nikol looked interested. Hershal, by the way, was an interesting person and we need to discuss him for he will try to change the course of the world some day. He will bomb the White House a few years from now.

Hershal had a habit of speaking with a lot of people who weren't alive anymore. He spoke to (and for) God, Hitler, JFK and RFK. The way Hershal would tell it, God runs a radio station somewhere on Orion. God broadcasts exclusively to Hershal Fernando. From what Nikol could gather, a lot of people were vying for the Celestial Microphone to Hershal back on earth. "Doctors don't know what the hell yer talking about," repeated Hershal.

"What?" responded Nikol groggily. Nikol felt for his mustache, was saddened that it was no longer there.

Hershal was no longer interested in communicating with Nikol. He was receiving an interstellar message. He took his messages calmly by tuning everything else out for a minute. "Hitler wants me to make a point to recover some pornographic film for him; he wants me to get it and destroy it before God asks me to get it for Him. He knows I can't go against God's will." Nikol looked interested.

A few years from now Nikol will pick up a newspaper while drinking coffee at breakfast from another world to read about how Hershal Fernando destroyed the White House. A few years from now Hershal will be released and he will get a celestial command. He will then purchase a used Volkswagen van. He will kick out the panel doors. He will bolt twin mortars to the floor of the van. He will drive down Pennsylvania Avenue one hot August afternoon and as he drives parallel to the White House he will launch a

mortar barrage. Before he gets two blocks away he will be filled with many bullets from machine guns. Hershal will crawl, mortally wounded, on to the pavement of Pennsylvania Avenue, look for a moment at a speck of grit, and will die under a yawning sun on a hot August afternoon. No one will know Hershal carried out a command hatched from a radio station situated in the constellation Orion.

The President and his family will be vacationing in Florida at the time. Someone will call him on the phone and tell him what has happened and they will have a good laugh. Then the President will order a press release condemning one group or another.

5

Once something that resembled a great white hearse moved stealthily toward the hospital gate. The hearse was actually a limousine carrying Jackson McFarlane to the hospital where Nikol, Hershal, and others resided. Jackson was a very rich man who decided he was crazy one day and had himself committed. His family agreed that anyone who would do that was crazy, and the papers were quickly signed. That way the family could look after Jackson's money for him and that would be a great load off his mind and a great load on theirs. They didn't mind. In 1952, when Jackson attended a high school economics class, he was assigned a few stocks of his choice to watch. His family sought to motivate him by buying a few shares of the stocks he picked. One stock that he picked was Control Data and he chose it because the name made absolutely no sense. He bought in at five dollars a share for ten shares. Every time the stock doubled he reinvested. "Con da" came to make computers and he became very rich. He also bought into Walt Disney because he like the name Jiminy Cricket. This also made him very rich.

Nikol took to him right away and they became very good friends. Jackson was not crazy, however. He knew that life was anything anyone wanted to make of it and he wanted to see it from this side.

One time he took Nikol out to the sign at the entrance of the hospital and invited Nikol to join him in urinating on the sign.

Nikol did so and for the first time in a long time something he did made sense. The hospital staff noted the improvement and even wrote it in the chart. They attributed Nikol's progress to psychodrama. They did not know Nikol took a leak on the hospital sign. They did not see him and Jackson laugh heartily as they walked away. It marked the first time Nikol had laughed in a long, long time.

Nikol shared his trips with Jackson and together they were to advance the technique of travel as an alternative to sleeping. It was Jackson who later taught Nikol how to travel to another planet and stay there and laugh often. Nikol wrote much of this in his journal. Nikol became interested in something. The enthusiasm was going to snowball. But this would happen in time to come.

6

"Another one's coming in!" said Hershal, cocking his head toward Orion. He paused for several moments and then got a very important looking expression on his face. "God thinks I should be singled out among men. He thinks I should design a cape and costume to wear!"

"What?" said Nikol. He was not questioning Hershal's alleged communication. He was wondering how God did it, how he could get the radio waves to go across all that distance. Nikol wondered briefly what it would be like to hotfoot it there during one of his travels.

Hershal did make his costume, by the way. The main component consisted of skin-tight purple leotards that would hang garishly around his shipwrecked body. A gargantuan yellow "M" made out of sequins crossed his chest and stomach. On the sole of the left foot were inscribed the initials "H.F." since Hershal would sew the costume himself. A flowing crimson cape would hang to mid-calf. He also would sew a tanned leather mask and paint sinister looking eyebrows just above the eyeslits. Hershal will be wearing his outfit when he is gunned down on Pennsylvania Avenue after his raid on the White House. To determine who he is, the authorities will put his initials from the

left foot of the leotard on the "hotline" to every psychiatric hospital in America. Their identification will not be conclusive, however. There are a lot of people who have been in hospitals like the one Hershal was in with the initials "H.F." It will be hard to identify Hershal because one in every twenty persons in the U.S. will have been in a hospital like this one and that makes a lot of initials like Hershal's. One half of those will have the same disorder as Hershal. Hershal is called a schizophrenic. There exist types of schizophrenia. Hershal's type is called "paranoid." Nikol's type, by the way, is called "catatonic."

There are so few people to run these hospitals that sometimes they can't keep tabs on how people like Hershal are progressing, much less help him get better. One result is that some Hershals get to leave before they are ready. The other result is that a lot of little pills like the ones Nikol doesn't take are distributed to make the inmates easier to manage. The people who work in these hospitals refer to this practice as "custodial care," but when they talk to people on TV or whatnot, they call it "management therapy."

7

Hershal busied himself in the corner of the room, hastily transcribing celestial messages from the constellation Orion. God transmitted to Hershal exclusively a million dollar idea along with a promotional keynote. The marketable idea was underwear with pockets for men. The keynote was, "You don't change your shorts but once a week, so what better place to keep your wallet and comb?"

God helped Hershal like this often, whenever He came up with an idea. And Hershal would not let Him down. He would write many manufacturers to sell the idea. They would not write back. Hershal vowed God would get those sinners and he told God in his broadcasts who they were. Charity was dead among true Christians.

8

Nikol knew something he never told

the psychiatrist, Ben. He never told the psychologists at the hospital, either. He never told anyone because he didn't quite know how to say it. The closest he could come to it with words was an analogy of God with his buckets. It went like this: God has put people on a whole bunch of worlds all over the universe and beyond. He keeps the little babies in buckets. Some of the buckets are tagged for earth so people appropriate for earth are put in the bucket marked EARTH. Now God has a lot of buckets lying around filled with little babies appropriate for different places and every now and then when one planet begins to run low he pours a new bucketful of beings on it. As near as Nikol could figure out, once when God was fooling with a bucket bound for someplace else, it was full to the brim because the planet needed a lot of replenishing and one of the babies fell out of the bucket and landed in the bucket marked EARTH where he didn't belong. The baby was Nikol and the reason why so many of the things on earth did not make sense to Nikol was due to the fact that he was appropriate for someplace else, and inappropriate for earth. In short, he lived on the wrong planet and everything made glorious sense to him somewhere else, but he was not there to drink it all in. God had made a mistake; but God is always right.

Nikol had an alternate theory that, perhaps, someone had forgotten to tell him something when he was a little boy and that is why so little makes sense. If someone would just tell him what that statement was it would tie everything together. He hoped one of the psychologists could discover the missing sentence, tell him, and send him on his merry way.

Nikol didn't know it then but both of his conceptions were partially right. Someone was going to tell him something that would help him to fit where he belonged. Someone was going to help him learn to travel to the appropriate planet where everything would make enough sense to him. That man would be Jackson; but that will take place in time to come.

9

Nikol peered in at the kittens. A big,

broad smile spread from his lips to engulf his entire face. The kittens were doing funny little kitten things. Nikol thought to himself that all this life comes from kibbles and tuna fish. This fact amazed him. "We come from carrots and peas," he said out loud, "and dinner rolls and McDonald hamburgers..." All earthly joy, he recognized, was an interaction of food with time and experience.

Somewhere right now boulders hurled through space to create a deposit for some new interaction of food with time and experience. Worlds were always in the making for Nikol. He accepted the fact that while everything need not have a purpose, everything did have a cause. God created earth to hurl the next cache of boulders through space to create another world someplace else. And He would create that world in order to hurl another patch of boulders. And so on. If there was purpose in this, it was God's affair. Nikol thought he might ask Hershal to ask God what purpose, if any, He had for doing all this. He planned to ask Hershal, but he forgot. Nikol hardly knew that God would allow him to hurl through space to start his new life. But that would come later.

10

Every now and then some students from an undergraduate psychology class came to visit at the hospital where Nikol and his friends stay. They had read about people like Nikol in books, but now they were going to get to see them in action. They expected him to be climbing the walls, were at first heartened, then saddened that he was not.

One student was particularly interested in Nikol and eyed him as he would an exotic animal in a zoo. Nikol decided to close his eyes and go away. He came back in time to hear the student, who dressed immaculately, say to a staff psychologist, "What's his diagnosis, Doctor?" The student's face was the picture of studied professional seriousness.

"We don't stress diagnosis here," replied the psychologist with controlled one-up-manship. "Everyone's different and the diagnoses tend to clump individuals into categories they only vaguely resemble. We treat individuals here!"

"You don't diagnose here?"

"Well, we do, but we don't use it. In case we try something and it backfires we have to have something to show in court to justify the treatment so families won't sue our asses off. The state requires them. We don't use them."

The student vaguely wondered why he was taking a course in behavior pathology. "I see," he said. "I agree."

The psychologist, obviously not in tune to the student's thinking, took this cue to continue. "All pathology is relative to culture anyway. If a guy in this country hears voices from God he's called crazy with some label or another and sent here. Hell, in New Guinea he would be called a prophet and become the tribe's Shaman! There it's acceptable, even desirable, for behavior to be a little schizy whereas here you're crazy. There is no justice."

Nikol was not entirely sure, but he thought the psychologist was making a case for sending American schizophrenics to New Guinea as a cure. He wondered if America would accept a few New Guineanites to teach the fine art of prophecy here. They could set up an exchange system, he thought, and not only would American schizophrenia be cured, but the world could harvest a bumper crop of seers to boot. Nikol toyed with the idea of traveling to New Guinea himself one time when he closed his eyes to cure himself and save everyone a pile of money. He didn't want to short-change an exchange student, however, so he dropped the idea.

A short distance away Jackson acted appropriately for the visitors. That is, he made silly faces, swatted imaginary beasties in the sky, laughed to himself, and had a marvelous time in general. The students were very impressed.

Jackson also amiably provided suitable conversation for the students. One of the things he told them was that the water provided at the facility was diluted.

Another thing he told them was that a thousand years from now when art historians talk about 20th century American art they will only give a glancing nod to all the stuff in the museum of Modern Art and other such places. What they will write books about and show pictures of, he said, will be comic books and highway cloverleafs. He made this believable by

saying that all art is a reflection of culture at a particular time and, for now, these two things do the most adequate job. He told them he had a particular preference for one of the off-ramps of the San Bernardino freeway and for the fellas who corroborated to put out the "Conan the Barbarian" comic book each month.

"Just think," Jackson said, "five hundred years ago a bunch of Germans thought they were just going to church each week. As it turns out, they were entering the finest examples of Gothic architecture ever!" He glowed with a whimsical fanaticism. Jackson possessed a sense of the absurd. He remains healthy.

He gave the students a full diatribe on today's comics until they all went away.

Nikol opened his eyes again to find his sleeve soaked in tears. Apparently, Jackson had been supporting his shell while he was away because Jackson stood there now with his arm around Nikol. "Glad you're back, man?" said Jackson, "how do you feel?"

"I feel wonderful," said Nikol. And he did.

12

The chief psychologist at the hospital where Nikol stayed was a blustery sort of fellow who walked as though he were always trudging up hill. He was balding quickly and he wore a patch over one eye. The inmates and staff amused themselves by conjuring stories of how he became gimp-eyed.

He once taught at a major university before he settled here. The occasion for his leaving revolved around a research proposal of his which would cost five million dollars to implement. His idea was to study the effects of stopping an average man on the street and giving him one million dollars, no strings attached. The other four million would be used to finance a research staff to follow the neo-millionaire around all the high spots of the world to see how he reacted psychologically to his sudden wealth. When the chief psychologist applied for his research grant he parsimoniously announced that the project would only require a staff of one, and a leave of absence for himself. Not only did he not win approval of the grant, but he was also summarily dismissed from his duties. That is, he was granted a permanent leave of absence.

His grant refusal did not provide his only major disappointment in life. At seventeen years of age he asked his favorite girl out for a date. She accepted and he vowed to himself he would marry this girl someday. When he was to pick her up he had to wait in the living room of her house while she made herself beautiful upstairs. Her father sat in the living room with him, and they were joined by the family German shepherd, Jumpers. While he attempted to make intelligent, but polite, conversation with her father Jumpers mounted his left leg

and screwed it right there in the living room. Having nothing intelligent, yet polite, to say about this development he withdrew from his beloved's household. He never married her; in fact, he avoided seeing her. Some would say he was not doggedly determined. Others might suggest he left with his tail between his legs. I make no judgments or cheap puns; I am only a factual reporter of the rehabilitation of Nikol Stonecypher and the revolving events and characters who were a party to it. I can factually report that this hapless event occurred in mid-July of the future psychologist's seventeenth year. As it so often happens, this period toward the end of summer is referred to as "dog days."

The name of the chief psychologist is Sirius Calwinten. He was hounded out of his university position because of his unacceptable research proposal.

Dr. Calwinten saw Nikol only three times during his entire treatment period of a year or so. He saw him when he entered, just before he left, and one time when they both met at a drinking fountain. Most of the therapy is left to lower echelon psychologists or to aides because chief psychologists mostly fill out papers and talk on the phone. He is included in this account because he affected Nikol's course of treatment by having no treatment effect at all.

In case you're wondering, Dr. Calwinten did wind up marrying somebody. In fact, she is quite a lovely girl. She smokes menthol cigarettes and keeps her spare packs in the refrigerator. They have two wonderful children, and despite persistent begging, he will never buy them a dog. Ever.

13

As Nikol tells it, his feeling about distance is something parallel to Einstein's theory that time is relative. Nikol knows that distance is not absolute, either. It boils down to this: Nikol believes it does not require distance to travel from one place to another! Einstein had demonstrated that by going fast enough, time can actually slow down or even stop. Nikol, who had never heard of Einstein, knew that distance need not be

Somewhere on the hospital grounds:

Nikol picked up a feather to the side of the downed bluebird. He cradled it softly in his hands as if it were precious and fragile. The bird remained almost opaque against the wooded earth, one wing reaching for nothing in the sky as its lifeless head hung crazily to one side. Ceremoniously, Nikol took in a deep, deep breath and exhaled quietly, guiding the young feather into the air to be carried by the wind to its final resting spot unknown to Nikol. Nikol did not know where the feather landed because he had closed his eyes.

He found himself in a thick, lush forest where bluebirds sang joyously in every treetop. Nikol was sitting on a boulder to the side of a very small clearing in the plush green of trees. The slight breeze sifted his hair, the warm glow of summer prickled his spine. In the snug clearing a small child of three or four years shifted stones into some sort of design. The little boy was dressed only in jumper shorts and he had silver hair. He hummed a happy tune. "La-dee-dee-da, la-dee-dee-da," he sang over and over. His hair glistened from the summer sun and sparkled with the gentle wind. Nikol knew what the little boy was doing; he was making rock altars in the forest glen, he was building a cathedral in a very private space. He did not know Nikol was there.

taken for granted. Just as Einstein kicked aside the stumbling block that it takes time to go from one place to another, Nikol overcame the belief that being in one place and then being in another necessarily implies passing through the space that happens to be in between.

Nikol felt that someday the concept of distance would become just as archaic as an outdated road map. Nikol felt that we only believe in such things as distance because we have been told that's the way things are. Not so. Nikol would be able to go from one planet to another without using distance to get there. But that will come later. He will not explain the technique to anyone. Others would think it unnatural. Nikol will think, "It's unnatural to use silverware. It's unnatural to wear glasses...." But he will say nothing. He had already journeyed to many countries and other times and existed in films and all. He knew it worked. He will be very happy.

When Nikol reaches the planet new things will happen, but everything will be just right. Nikol will discover that everything is as it should be, as it could only be, because that's the way it is. No matter what anyone does, that is the way it should be because that's the way it is. Everyone reacts appropriately to the world as they see it. But I'm moralizing for Nikol.

14

Monk Carter, who lived on the same ward as Nikol, was always telling Nikol that Monk was controlled by a magnet planted in the Atlantic Ocean. Nikol thought he must be getting better because Monk's life made no sense to him; and he closed his eyes in mid-thought to find himself playing an extra on the set of *Gone With the Wind*. There were a bunch of men in blue uniforms making snarling sounds and shooting at him. Nikol decided to open his eyes again, and he was surprised to find that his shell had been screaming while he was gone. His face and the left sleeve of his coat were wet. It was then that Nikol realized something. For the first time he was happier coming back than going away when he closed his eyes. He vowed to think about this; and he did.

15

Nikol still had one more trip to make when he closed his eyes, and this would be the most ambitious one ever. He had been to most countries on earth, had sampled many time spans, and had been in several movies but Nikol had never been to another planet. He was going to do this on a trip where he didn't surprise himself by going someplace else. He was very ambitious.

16

This is the way it goes.

In time to come, Jackson and Nikol will talk over travel plans for Nikol and the arrangements will be settled like dust after a windstorm. Holding on to Jackson, Nikol will close his eyes and come to a new planet. The planet will be called earth, too. When Nikol opens his eyes he will see earth. As he blinks he will smell and hear earth. He will taste the fruits of the earth. He will feel the earth's texture. His laugh will be a clarion call across a life-span of earth. The snows in his consciousness will melt and the sweet, clear water will nourish him. On this new planet Earth most everything will make sense to him. He will no longer be continually surprised. Everyone on the old earth will be on the new earth. Except the hospital. It will be left behind, fettered to the old earth as it tumbles through space. The people on the new earth will experience him as a man come to his senses, although if they knew how he arrived they might think he lost his mind.

He will live in Passaic, New Jersey. He will be an airport meteorologist. In time, he will meet a woman. He will love her very much and Jackson will serve as best man at their wedding. She will not die in childbirth. They will have two sons and a daughter, and a cottage on a lake, and a long life together. And he will remember. One thing he will remember is that his father was wrong—the mold was not broken when God made Nikol. God is always right, of course.

THE PUPPET SHOW

Master puppeteers
pull the threads of
love and hate
and make wooden feet
jump
upon emotions until the play
ends;
Then walk away
leaving baffled puppet-children
in stringless
confusion.
But as they go
love-hate
Strings are pulled
And they too find
their feet
moving.

—Susan White

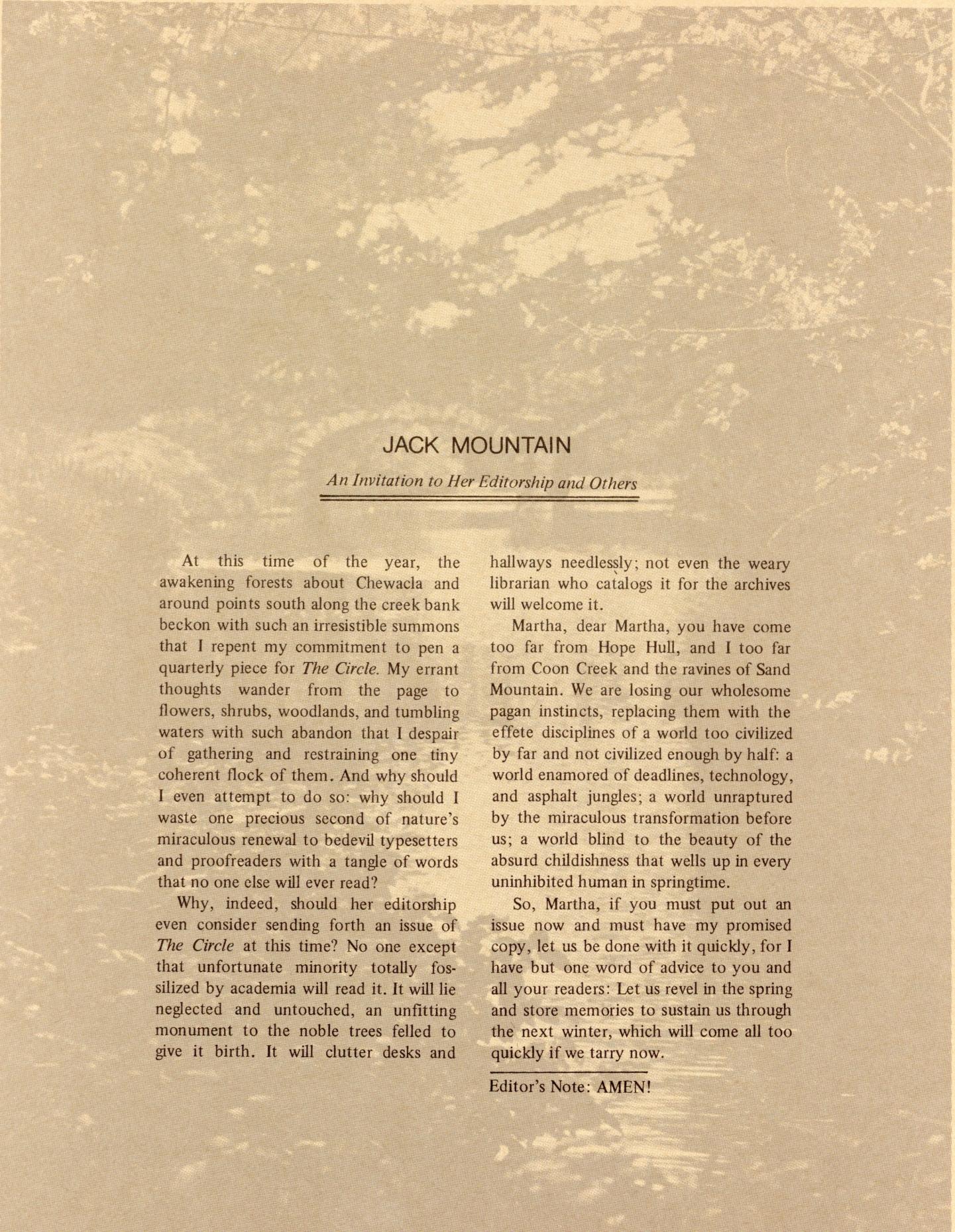


Photography by Tom Whaley
IDS Photo Contest Winner

THE OVER-SOUL

I feel, I touch, I sense, but yet no answer.
The feeling eludes, it remains long enough
To entice the senses, to perplex the mind.
And yet its lingering sensation transcends
its departure.

—Robert Freyre



JACK MOUNTAIN

An Invitation to Her Editorship and Others

At this time of the year, the awakening forests about Chewacla and around points south along the creek bank beckon with such an irresistible summons that I repent my commitment to pen a quarterly piece for *The Circle*. My errant thoughts wander from the page to flowers, shrubs, woodlands, and tumbling waters with such abandon that I despair of gathering and restraining one tiny coherent flock of them. And why should I even attempt to do so: why should I waste one precious second of nature's miraculous renewal to bedevil typesetters and proofreaders with a tangle of words that no one else will ever read?

Why, indeed, should her editorship even consider sending forth an issue of *The Circle* at this time? No one except that unfortunate minority totally fossilized by academia will read it. It will lie neglected and untouched, an unfitting monument to the noble trees felled to give it birth. It will clutter desks and

hallways needlessly; not even the weary librarian who catalogs it for the archives will welcome it.

Martha, dear Martha, you have come too far from Hope Hull, and I too far from Coon Creek and the ravines of Sand Mountain. We are losing our wholesome pagan instincts, replacing them with the effete disciplines of a world too civilized by far and not civilized enough by half: a world enamored of deadlines, technology, and asphalt jungles; a world unraptured by the miraculous transformation before us; a world blind to the beauty of the absurd childishness that wells up in every uninhibited human in springtime.

So, Martha, if you must put out an issue now and must have my promised copy, let us be done with it quickly, for I have but one word of advice to you and all your readers: Let us revel in the spring and store memories to sustain us through the next winter, which will come all too quickly if we tarry now.

Editor's Note: AMEN!

Photography by Harold Anderson

INDEX OF CONTRIBUTORS

DEBBIE BISHOP

a senior in speech communication, has been active in many campus and service organizations, including College Women in Broadcasting. Among her many other activities she intends to serve as the new editor of *The Tiger Cub*.

B. D. COLE

is a Ph.D. student in history and a Navy ROTC instructor. He has had a short story published in the *Circle* and several book reviews and articles in Navy journals. He is originally from New Jersey.

BILL CONFER

will receive his Ph.D. in clinical psychology this August. His secret ambition is to write the great American novel, own a blimp, and change his first name to Conan. He began writing poetry at an early age (sample: "Moon is bright; it must be night") but later turned his insights to the short story and clinical psychology. Bill has a B.A. degree in English literature.

RAY DUGAS

assistant professor of art, teaches graphic design and illustration courses. He has won numerous awards and has had work published in *Graphics* and *Print Review Magazine*.

TOMIE DUGAS

a part-time student, she has worked professionally as a designer in Atlanta and currently does freelance work as well as coordinating the art and design for *The Auburn Circle*.

MARK DUNAWAY

a junior in ornamental horticulture and an American citizen, has lived ten years in the United States, seven years in Nigeria, and spent three years in Rhodesia. His parents are currently Southern Baptist missionaries to the Shona tribe of Rhodesia.

RUTH DUNN

of Birmingham is a senior in journalism and although studying for Neil Davis' course in community newspaper found time to make a visit to Tallahassee, Alabama, for an article on the Hotel Talisi.

CHUCK FLETCHER

uses his experiences on the Auburn football squad where he is a three-year letterman to recount the trials and tribulations of the walk-on tryouts who joined him on the weekday workouts but not in the Saturday game.

JEFF GRAY

plays free safety for the Auburn Tigers when he is not studying to enter medical school. Jeff is a sophomore from Atlanta and plans to enter Emory Medical School upon graduation.

CECELIA HARDEN

the Greenville Whiz, is majoring in lab technology leaving no room for a minor. Cecelia's A-Number-One proofreading abilities make her the *Circle's* pet slave come layout time.

DIANE KENDALL

a native of the Buckeye State and a recent convert to an English curriculum, makes her debut in this issue of the *Circle* with a review of *Heartbreak Hotel*. She spends most of her time writing papers for English professors and being phoned by the *Circle* editor.

JAMES MEREDITH

a junior soon to be majoring in English, is from Summerville, Georgia. A main ambition of his is to write, and his short story, *The Resurrection*, won second place in the Sigma Tau Delta Creative Writing contest.

JACK MOUNTAIN

nature lover and hopeless romantic, suffers from an overdose of courage and sensitivity, while being an inveterate defender of the purity of the English language.

GWEN REID

is a once-in-a-while writer, a some-time student, a part-time wife, and a full-time mother of two. She also follows politics and writes an article in this issue of the *Circle* about her trip to Pres. Carter's inauguration.

JUDY SHEPPARD

of Mobile is a graduate teaching assistant in the English Department and has written several articles for the *Plainsman*. She enjoys writing and plans to teach English.

OXFORD STROUD

assistant professor in English, teaches advanced composition and has had poems and short stories published in various literary magazines including *The Georgia Review*. He has worked with the *Circle* since its fledgling days—particularly encouraging student writers—before appearing on the mast head in this issue.

DR. CHARLOTTE WARD

associate professor of physics, is a faculty member of the *Circle* editorial board. She is a contributor to various scientific journals including *The Journal of Molecular Spectroscopy* and has written a physical science textbook for college students, *This Blue Planet*.

JOHNNY WILLIAMS

a graduate teaching assistant in English, provides the *Circle* with a touch of satire when not writing good short stories. His story, *The Butterfly Lady*, won third place in the 1977 Sigma Tau Delta Creative Writing Contest, but due to limited space, the editor is holding it for a later issue.

MARK WINNE

next year's *Circle* editor, is a journalism major who has lived all over the United States. Mark will take up the duties of editor in the fall and anyone interested in working with him doing articles or artwork is urged to contact him as soon as possible.